

THE  
LITERARY MAGAZINE,  
AND  
AMERICAN REGISTER.

---

No. 30.

MARCH, 1806.

VOL. V.

---

*FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.*

REMARKS ON READING.

SINCE writing is justly denominated an art, reading may surely claim the same distinction. To adorn ideas with elegance is an act of the mind superior to that of receiving them, and is the province of genius; but to receive them with a happy discrimination is a task not less useful, and can only be the effect of a just taste.

Yet it will be found that a just taste only will not obtain the proper end of reading. Two persons of equal taste rise from the perusal of the same book with very different notions; the one will not only have the ideas of the author at command, and strongly imbibe his manner, but will have enriched his own mind by a new accession of matter, and find a new train of thought awakened and in action. The other quits his author in a pleasing distraction, but of the pleasures of reading, nothing remains but a tumultuous sensation. He has only delighted himself with the brilliant colouring, and the mingled shadows of a variety of

objects, while the other receives the impression not only of their colours and shades, but their distinct graces and real forms.

To account for this difference we must recur to a distinction, which appears to reveal one of the great mysteries in the art of reading. Logic distinguishes between perceptions and ideas. Perception is that faculty which notices the simple impression of objects: but it is only when these objects exist in the mind, and are there treasured and arranged as materials for reflection, that they become ideas. A perception is like a transient sun-beam, which just shows the object, but leaves neither light nor warmth; while an idea is like the fervid beam of noon, which throws a settled and powerful light.

Many ingenious readers complain that their memory is defective, and their studies fruitless. This defect, however, arises from their indulging the facile pleasures of perception in preference to the laborious task

of forming ideas. We must not deceive ourselves. Perceptions require only the sensibility of taste, and their pleasures are continuous, easy, and exquisite. Ideas not only require the same power of taste, but an art of combination, and an exertion of the reasoning powers, which form no mean operation of the mind. Ideas are therefore labours; and for those who will not undergo the fatigue of labour, it is unjust to complain, if they come from the harvest with scarcely a sheaf in their hands.

The numerous class of readers of taste, who only prefer a book to the odd trick at whist, have, therefore, no reason to murmur, if that which is only taken up as an amusement, should terminate, like all amusements, in temporary pleasure. To be wiser and better is rarely the intention of the gay and frivolous; the complaints of the gay and frivolous are nothing but a new manner of displaying gaiety and frivolity; they are lamentations full of mirth.

There are secrets in the art of reading, which tend to facilitate its purposes, by assisting the memory, and augmenting intellectual opulence. Some, our own ingenuity must form, and perhaps every student has an artificial manner of recollection, and a peculiar arrangement, as, in short hand, almost every writer has a system of his own. There are, however, some regulations which appear of general utility.

The elder Pliny who, having been a voluminous compiler, must have had great experience in the art of reading, tells us, that there is no book, however bad, but which contains something good. Just and obvious as this axiom may seem, it requires some explanation.

To read every book would be fatal to the interest of most readers; men of taste who read variously know that the pains exceed the pleasures; to men of curiosity the pleasures exceed the pains. The reader of erudition, who searches for facts and overlooks opinions, may therefore read every book profitably. He must pick his few flowers from

rugged rocks, and pass many days bewildered in wild deserts. But he who only desires to gratify a more delicate sensation, the reader of taste, must be contented to range in more contracted limits, and to restrict himself to the paths of cultured pleasure grounds. Without this distinction in reading, study becomes a labour painful and interminable; and hence readers of taste complain that there is no end of reading, and readers of erudition that books contain nothing but words. When the former confine themselves to works of taste, their complaints cease, and when the latter keep to books of facts, they fix on the proper aliment for their insatiable curiosity.

Nor is it always necessary, in the pursuits of learning, to read every book entire. Perhaps this task has now become impossible, notwithstanding those ostentatious students, who, by their infinite and exact quotations, appear to have read and digested every thing; readers, artless and honest, conceive from such writers splendid ideas of the power and extent of the human faculties. Of many books we need only seize the plan, and examine some of the portions. The quackery of the learned has been often exposed; and the task of quoting fifty books a day is neither difficult nor tedious. Of the little supplement at the close of a volume, few readers conceive the value; but some of the most eminent writers have been great adepts in the art of *index-reading*. An index-reader is, indeed, more let into the secrets of an author, than the other who attends him with all the tedious forms of ceremony. I, for my part, venerate the inventor of indices; and I know not to whom to yield the preference, either to Hippocrates, who was the first great anatomiser of the human body, or to that unknown labourer in literature, who first laid open the nerves and arteries of a book.

Watts advises the perusal of the prefaces and the index of a book, as they both give light on its contents.

Gibbon says, we ought not to attend to the order of our books, so much as of our thoughts. The perusal of a particular work gives birth perhaps to ideas unconnected with the subject it treats; I pursue these ideas and quit my proposed plan of reading. Thus, in the midst of Homer, he read Longinus; a chapter of Longinus led to an epistle of Pliny; and having finished Longinus, he followed the train of his ideas of the sublime and beautiful in the Inquiry of Burke, and concluded by comparing the ancient with the modern Longinus.

It may not be necessary to read all the works of any one author, but only those which have received the approbation of posterity. By this scheme we become acquainted with the finest compositions in half the time those employ, who, attempting to read every thing, are often little acquainted with, and even ignorant of the best. Thus of Machiavel, it may be sufficient to read his Prince and his history of Florence; of Milton nearly all his poetry, little of his prose, and nothing of his history; of Fielding's twelve volumes, six may suffice; and of Voltaire's ninety, perhaps nine is more than enough. One half of the plays of Shakespeare, and one half of each play, is quite enough for one who reads poetry merely for its own sake. All Dryden's fables, two of his satires, one of his odes, with a few of his prefaces, should satisfy a reasonable student, while all his dramas, translations, prologues, and songs, may be left to repose quietly on the shelf. Of the forty volumes of Swift, two or three volumes-full might be culled out, while the dirty or malignant refuse should be doomed to the jakes. The periodical works of Steele and Addison, once so popular, certainly contain a great deal unworthy of notice; and Mrs. Barbauld has lately done a real service to the world, by compressing eighteen or twenty of these into three or four. The best parts of Pope are his translations of Homer and Horace: these, with his

moral essays, and his Art of Criticism, should be read, while his pastorals and his odes are forgotten, and his Wife of Bath, his Sappho, and his Eloisa should be reserved for the use of brothels.

A reader is too often a prisoner chained to the triumphal car of an author of great celebrity, and when he ventures not to judge for himself, conceives, while he is reading the bad works of great authors, that the languor which he experiences arises from his own defective taste. But the best writers, when they are voluminous, have a great deal of mediocrity; for whenever an author attains facility in composition, the success of his preceding labours not only stimulates him to new performances, but prejudices the public in their favour; and such being mostly writers by profession, most of their works are the products, not of inclination, but necessity.

On the other side, readers must not imagine that all the pleasures of composition depend on the author; for there is something which a reader himself must bring to the book, that the book may please. There is a literary appetite which the author can no more impart, than the most skilful cook can give appetite to the guests. When Richelieu said to Godeau, that he did not understand his verses, the honest poet replied, it was not his fault. It would indeed be very unreasonable, when a painter exhibits his pictures in public, to expect that he should provide spectacles for the use of the short-sighted. Every man must come prepared as well as he can. Simonides confessed himself incapable of deceiving stupid persons; and Balzac remarked of the girls of his village, that they were too silly to be duped by a man of wit. Dulness is impenetrable; and there are hours when the liveliest taste loses its sensibility. The temporary tone of the mind may be unfavourable to taste a work properly, and we have had many erroneous criticisms from great men, which may be attributed to this circumstance.



The mind communicates its infirm dispositions to the book, and an author has not only his own defects to account for, but also those of his reader. There is something in composition like the game of shuttlecock, where, if the reader does not quickly rebound the feathered cork to the author, the game is destroyed, and the whole spirit of the work becomes extinct.

A frequent impediment in reading is a disinclination in the mind to settle on the subject; agitated by incongruous and dissimilar ideas, it is with pain that we admit those of the author. But on applying ourselves, with gentle violence, to the persual of an interesting work, the mind soon congenializes with the subject; the disinclination is no more, and like Homer's chariot wheels, we kindle as we roll. The ancient rabbins advised their students to apply themselves to reading, whether they felt an inclination or not, because, as they proceeded, they would find their inclination and their curiosity awakened. We can easily account for this; it is so certain, and acts with such power, that even indifferent works are frequently finished, merely to gratify that curiosity which their early pages have communicated. The ravenous appetite of Johnson for reading is expressed in a strong metaphor, by Mrs. Knowles, who said, "he knows how to read better than any one; he gets at the substance of a book directly; he tears out the heart of it."

We should hesitate to pronounce on a work of some merit, on the first persual, for that is rarely attended by a proper relish. It is with reading as with wine; for connoisseurs have observed, that the first glass is insufficient to decide on its quality; it is necessary to imbue the palate, to give it that raciness of relish, which communicates every latent quality, and enables us to judge as keenly as the two uncles of Sancho.

There are some mechanical aids in reading, which may prove of great

utility, and form a kind of rejuvenescence of our early studies. Montaigne placed at the end of a book which he intended not to re-peruse, the time he had read it, with a concise decision on its merits; that, says he, it may thus represent to me, the air and general idea I had conceived of the author, in reading the work. He has obliged us with giving several of these annotations. Of Young the poet it is told, that whenever he came to a striking passage, he folded the leaf; and that at his death, books have been found in his library, which had long resisted the power of closing: a mode more easy than useful; for, after a length of time, they must be again read to know why they were folded. This difficulty is avoided by those who note in a blank leaf the pages to be referred to, with a word of criticism. Nor let us consider these minute directions as unworthy the most enlarged minds; by these petty exertions at the most distant periods, may learning obtain its authorities, and fancy combine its ideas. Seneca, in sending some volumes to his friend Lucilius, accompanies them with notes of particular passages, that, he observes, you who only aim at the useful, may be spared the trouble of examining the whole. Books are still preserved noted by Voltaire with a word of censure or approbation on the page itself, which was his usual practice. Formey complained that the books he lent Voltaire were returned always disfigured by his remarks; but he was a true German writer of the old class.

A professional student should divide his readings into a *uniform* reading which is useful, and into a *diversified* reading which is pleasant. Guy Patin, an eminent physician and a man of letters, had a just notion of this manner. He says, "I daily read Hippocrates, Galen, Fernel, and other illustrious masters of my profession; this I call my profitable readings. I frequently read Ovid, Juvenal, Horace, Seneca, Tacitus, and others,



and these are my recreations." We must observe these distinctions, for it frequently happens that a lawyer or a physician, with great industry and love of study, by giving too much to diversified reading, may utterly neglect what should be his uniform studies.

An author is often cruelly mortified to find his work reposing on a harpsichord or a table, with its virgin pages. It was among the mortifications of Mickle, that the lord to whom he had dedicated his version of the *Lusiad*, had it long in his possession, in the state he had received it! How often also are authors mortified to perceive, that generally the first volume of their work is fouler than its brother! It is, therefore, an advantage to compose in single volumes; for then they flatter themselves, a second would be acceptable; but most books are more read for curiosity than for pleasure; and are often looked into, but rarely resumed. Authors are vain, but readers are capricious.

Readers may be classed into an infinite number of divisions; but an author is a solitary being, who, for the same reason he pleases one, must consequently displease another. To have too exalted a genius is more prejudicial for his celebrity, than to have a moderate one; for we shall find that the most popular works are not of the highest value, but of the greatest usefulness. I could mention some esteemed writers, whose works have attained a great number of editions, but whose minds were never yet inflamed by an accidental fervour of original genius. They instruct those who require instruction, and they please those, who are yet sufficiently ignorant to discover novelty in their strictures; in a word they form taste, rather than impart genius. A Carlo Marat is a Raphael to those who have not studied a Raphael. They may apply to themselves the same observation Lucilius, the satirist, has made, that he did not write for Persius, for Scipio, and

for Rutilius, persons eminent for their science, but for the Tarentines, the Consentines, and the Sicilians. Montaigne has complained that he found his readers too learned, or too ignorant, and that he could only please a middle class, who have just learning enough to comprehend him. Congreve says, there is in true beauty something which vulgar souls cannot admire. Balzac complains bitterly of readers: a period, he cries, shall have cost us the labour of a day; we shall have distilled into an essay the essence of our minds; it may be a finished piece of art; and they think they are indulgent when they pronounce it to contain some pretty things, and that the style is not bad! There is something in exquisite composition which ordinary readers can never understand.

Some will only read old books, as if there were no valuable truths to be discovered in modern ones, while others will only read new books, as if some valuable truths are not among the old. Some will not read a book, because they are acquainted with the author; by which the reader may be more injured than the author; others not only read the book, but would also read the man; by which the most ingenious author may be injured by the most impertinent reader.

An author would write with refinement and delicacy; the reader has neither; if the author does not succeed he may be an intelligible, but still an indifferent writer; if he succeeds that reader will reject him as an obscure writer; yet the author will then be a highly finished writer. Some readers complain of the obscurity of an author, and often they are right; but there are some eyes to which almost every thing appears misty; for a picture may be hung in its proper light, though for some it may be raised too high. One ought not to see every thing distinctly, but only certain parts of it; the imagination properly supplies the intermediate links. Hence are derived what some consider the ob-

scurities of genius, which indeed are only the *obvious parts* which it wishes to *conceal*.

N.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

## THE ANCIENT ROMANCE.

THE ancients had certainly no ideas of any composition approaching to the form of the modern romance. The first regular tale which was formed on the subject of love is, I believe, acknowledged to be that of Theagenes and Chariclea, written by a christian bishop, Heliodorus. Yet their popular traditions were probably as full of amorous incidents as those of any modern nation; and tales of cruel nymphs and "despised love" were as frequently recorded by Grecian as by British peasants. Even the roughest and most uncouth of men were represented as subdued by the power of love, and suffering those tortures which are usually considered as the lot of softer and more refined spirits alone. We are sickened with the sameness of imagery accompanying the pictures of love-sick shepherds and complaining boys, and turn from them with wonder and awe to the gloomy figure of the fierce and gigantic Cyclops pouring out to the wild rocks and caverns of his native Ætna the deep groans and lamentations of a savage love.

Yet will I go beside the sounding main,  
And to yon solitary crags complain;  
And, onward sorrowing by the sandy  
shore,  
The scorn of Galatæa's brow deplore:  
But sweetest Hope shall ever fill my  
heart,  
Nor with my latest, feeblest age depart.

BION.

The ludicrous introduction of the fictitious nymph Echo, with her courteous replies to the questions of despairing swains, is of very ancient fabrication, and suits well with the grotesque image of the sylvan

deity. It is thus that Pauradas represents a conversation between the nymph and the god:

PAN. Echo, attend the humble suit I move!

ECHO. Move!  
What makes Corisca render scorn for love?

Her love.  
What, gentle Echo, may Corisca bribe?  
A bribe.

Wilt thou to her my painful toil describe?

I'll describe.  
I seek occasion, but she flies me still—  
Be still.

And can you promise that she'll grant my will?  
I will.

The following story in Pausanias is as romantic in its circumstances, and, if worked-up in the pastoral style of the writers of later days, might make as interesting an Arcadian drama as the *Aminta* of Tasso or the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini.

Among the priests of Bacchus, while the city of Calydon yet stood, was one named Coræsus, who loved the beautiful virgin Callirhoe with the most ardent passion. He long wooed her with unremitting perseverance; he employed every art of persuasion, he exhausted every effort of fancy, to win her heart; but the more violent his attachment grew, the more averse was she to listen to his prayers; and the more earnest the solicitations he used, the more cruel and determined was her repulse. In vain did he pursue her day and night like a shadow. In vain did he renew every art that had failed him before. His prayers, his tears, his pursuit, all were in vain. At length he poured out his soul in prayer to the deity whom he served to turn the heart of his cruel tyrant, to make her at length feel the force of his passion, and see the barbarity of her own neglect. The god heard him, and to grant the request of his beloved servant did all that Bacchus could do. The people of Calydon were suddenly seized with an epidemic phrenzy which raged among them, and re-



sembled in its effects the most violent paroxysms of drunkenness. Numbers perished daily in raving fits. No cure could be found for the disease, which increased continually both in violence and extent. In this extremity, such among the citizens as yet retained the use of their reason consulted the oracle by means of their holy doves which they kept in their temple, and which were the constant messengers between them and the Divinity. The winged ambassadors began their journey through the air, nor rested till they perched on the tall oaks of Dodona. They delivered faithfully the object of their mission, and soon returned to Calydon with the answer of Jove, which required that a noble virgin should be sacrificed to appease the offended deities. The loveliest maids of the city were assembled in the temple, and the fatal lot fell on the loveliest of them all, the cruel Callirhoe. The appointed day arrived. The devoted victim was led before the altar of Bacchus. As yet it was unknown to all, but those in whose presence the lots had been cast, who was the unhappy virgin destined to propitiate the offended heavens. It fell to the lot of Coræus to immolate the victim; but when he approached the altar a sudden trembling seized on all his frame; he hastily tore off the white veil which yet concealed the face of his Callirhoe. But the die was cast, and what had been done was now irrevocable. He lifted the fatal knife to strike, but found it impossible to execute his purpose. At length with one desperate effort he plunged it, not into the bosom of his Callirhoe, but his own, and died instantly at the feet of her he loved. His tragical end produced the effect which all the exertions of his life had failed to accomplish. The heart of the virgin was turned, and the object of the God being accomplished, his anger ceased. But Callirhoe did not long survive her unhappy lover; she fell into a deep melancholy for his death, and thence into madness, and soon afterwards

drowned herself in a neighbouring spring, which received its name from her.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

## THE REFLECTOR.

NO. VIII.

*To the Reflector.*

SIR,

NOTWITHSTANDING I made, and you accepted, a promise to write something of a more lively nature for your paper than the last number, on the subject you have chosen, yet, since I saw you last, I have become somewhat grave myself, and am therefore less able to fulfil my promise. I believe the only character I can support with decency is that of a narrator: I will therefore give you some part of the history of my life, and show you, by my example, how you ought to feel, and consequently to write, on the first morning of the year.

In the earliest part of my life I lived, as children frequently do, with my parents. They inhabited a neat farm-house near ——. I think I can still see my brothers sitting in the large recess of a country fire-place, in company with your humble servant, enjoying ourselves in the best manner we could, while winter stormed without, and gave us a truer relish of the comforts of a good fire-side. This was frequently our station. Here many a new year's morning have I drank a full glass of my mother's best home-made wine, and wished her and my father a happy new year. My father was one of those good old men who, notwithstanding their own age, are willing to see their children act as they once did themselves. He possessed solid sense; yet he loved "fun," even when he grew old, and he did not forget that he was once young himself; and, though his children extended the definition of the word "fun" farther than he did,



yet, because he possessed more gravity, he did not blame them for possessing less. Accordingly, every new year's morning he permitted us to amuse ourselves as we thought proper, provided it was consistent with decency and innocence. Frequently he would permit us to shoot, but it was always at a mark in one of the adjoining fields. By this manœuvre we were insensibly improved in the art of handling a gun with dexterity, and using it with effect; for I must observe, as I go on, that he was always desirous that our amusements should be conducive to our improvement.

But I am going, as my father used to say, "round Robin Hood's barn." I promised to write, in order to show you there may be good reasons for celebrating the end of an old year, or the beginning of a new one. During my childhood I generally celebrated it, as you observed in your last paper, because it was the custom; but, since I am grown up, I have always had my reasons: whether good or not, you or your readers are at liberty to determine.

I suppose you know I came into this world the last day of the year, A. D. 17\*\*. Consequently, the day on which I became free from the service of a not very good master, with whom I learned my trade, preceded new year's day but a very little time. This circumstance made me celebrate it with a joyful heart. I gave myself up to all the joys which a sense of freedom, hope, confidence, health, and youth could inspire. I penetrated, that is, as far as I was able, the gloom of futurity; I rejoiced that the days of servitude were passed; that I was no longer compelled to work without recompence, as I thought, for a man who undervalued my services; that I was now no longer a boy, but a man, an independent being, who "would not call the king his uncle;" that I was now about commencing a new career, to act as I pleased, without controul or contradiction. These thoughts naturally arose out of my situation. Have you ever

seen a bird, which has just made its escape from the cage of its keeper, where it had been long confined? With what transport it yields itself to the enjoyment of all the delights of liberty! how gaily it sings from the top of some sheltering tree, calling the feathered inhabitants of the forest, as if to say, "behold, I am also free! I will traverse with you the unbounded fields of air; I will seek my food, my enjoyments, where Nature herself has placed them." Such was my situation! My bosom swelled with inexpressible transport; I strutted about with an air of haughtiness and defiance; my feet disdained the ground; I seemed to tread the air. "Who," said my heart, "who is greater, who is better than I am?" I am a man; who is more? These reflections were connected with the joy I commonly felt on a new year's morning. I therefore celebrated it with transport as the first year of my life; as the time when, at last, I commenced a new kind of existence. I suffered no unpleasant recollections to intrude on my mind. The past was gone, the future was before me, and, whatever joys reason could not expect, hope promised.

The first year of my freedom was passed, as human life frequently is, sometimes in the enjoyment of good, at others, in the endurance of evil, in the recollection of the past, the improvement of the present, and planning schemes for the future. Futurity, at that period of life, affords to almost all men a most fruitful source of pleasure; the mind is then elated by hope; she dresses every prospect in the brightest colours; she suffers not disappointment to blot the ideal picture; she raises desires in the mind which soon ripen into expectations; these she represents as probabilities, and at last induces us to believe they will become realities.

At the beginning of the next year I rejoiced at the prosperity of my professional affairs, and the prospect of its continuance. This year was rendered dear to my remembrance

by a circumstance the most delightful, and, at the same time, the most tormenting, that can occur in the history of man; my bosom felt the influence of love; that passion which creates a new kind of existence in the breast of man; that passion which incorporates the happiness, and even the misery of another with his own feelings, and makes him sensible to the sensations flowing from the emotions which agitate the bosom of a being, whose existence is not positively connected with his own.

How shall I describe that happy period! what terms shall I use to convey to you an idea of all the pleasures I enjoyed during the time of our courtship! Before that time every powerful emotion arose from motives which centered in self, and every desire terminated in its gratification; but no sooner was I in love than the object of my passion became as another self, a part of my own being, whose interest could no more be independent of my own, than I could be insensible to the pain which disease might introduce into my frame. The object of my affections was young, lovely, and virtuous; of pleasing manners and refined conversation; to me she seemed a being of a superior kind; more noble, more elevated, more enchanting than any woman I had ever seen. I had intended to describe her; but, should I tell you she was tall and graceful in her person, and beautiful with respect to features, &c., it would only convey an indefinite idea. I would tell you the adventures of my courtship; but I find that all those pleasing scenes connected with it, which memory still revives, cannot be impressed on paper. I could tell you of our first interview; the fears I felt; the hopes I entertained; and the subjects of our conversation: but they would prove uninteresting, for they would want that life, that animation, with which I recollect them; they would be like a map of a beautiful country, which presents a true outline, marks its mountains, rivers,

&c., but wants all those attractions which a view of the country itself affords.

We were married, and I possessed all I had desired. Would not you, with all your solemnity, have been gay at the termination of a year which had given you so much happiness? I am persuaded you would. I celebrated it with gratitude and delight.

But you will ask me why I celebrated another, another, and another? One year I found myself a father, and I felt all the delights, together with the anxieties of one. I felt sensations new to me; I found myself of still more importance. A little helpless being depended on me for every thing which could conduce to its comfort. I delighted in caressing it, in observing its growth, its first smile, its earliest lisps, and progressive improvement. Several other years I celebrated for the same reason. I became the father and supporter of a numerous family. I saw myself renewed in my children, and anticipated the time when they would become ornaments of society, and supporters of their country; when they would imitate their parent's virtues, without his vices.

You will doubtless ask, were none of the years of your life sullied by misfortune? Did prosperity always smile upon you? Were you never afflicted by sickness, or depressed by penury? Did anguish never rend your bosom at witnessing the sufferings of those you loved, or the disobedience of your children? Yes! but I reflected that things might have been much worse. I could not expect to pass through this world without bearing my load of care, and when misfortunes did assail me, though I suffered beneath their pressure, I rejoiced when they were gone.

Even now, though no longer young, I find frequent occasions for rejoicing. One year, my eldest son married. I rejoiced at his happiness. I recollected my own wedding, and felt a pleasure in recal-



ling it to mind, with all the train of agreeable remembrances with which it is connected. Thus, though my life has been distinguished by no peculiar circumstances, I have generally found ample cause for gratitude and joy; and when it so happened that I could not rejoice for the good the last year had produced, I exulted in the hopes of the next. When I grow old and infirm, and the days come when I shall probably have reason to say, "I have no pleasure in them," I must then try to reconcile myself to my situation, rejoice that my race is almost run, and that, though my body shall soon "moulder in the dust," my soul shall wing its flight to that blessed country where it shall

"Flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter, and the crush of  
worlds."

January 23d, 1806.

LYCARIO.

My friend has been faithful to his promise, as far as intention can go; but whether he has proved that we ought to rejoice at the time in question or not, I will not take upon me to determine. There are some people so happily disposed, that they can rejoice at the good they enjoy, and, when evils come, instead of lamenting, they are thankful that they are not of a more severe nature. This seems to be the case with my correspondent, though I suspect he has only drawn the bright side of the picture, with just so much shade as was sufficient to give the colouring its proper effect. He has, at all events, told a tale that may please many of my readers better than my solemn reflections on the same subject.

VALVERDI.

February 14th, 1806.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

ON POETICAL EXPRESSION.

ONE of the chief distinctions of poetry is a peculiarity of phrase;

for no mechanical arrangements, not even sentiment or imagery, since prose may possess all these qualities, can form the true distinction between verse and prose. The genuine language of poetry is totally distinct from prosaic composition, and the charm consists in its distance from familiar language. From this principle may we account for the extreme delight found in the ancient classics, which, with some, has risen to such extravagance. A judicious critic will allow, that a passage in Pope may rival one in Virgil; and it might happen, that the modern excelled the ancient. But the pleasure may not be equal in the modern as in the ancient; nor is this a mere artificial notion; but, on the contrary, it is a natural emotion. The ancient enjoys the peculiar felicity of employing a style which to us must be immaculate; a magnificence of sound, and a novelty of combination; we are offended by no feebleness of terms, and no familiarity of expression. A phrase, which might have been common to every ordinary versifier in the days of Virgil, may to us be very graceful; and thus ideas, which would excite no attention in a modern, may charm in an ancient. Hence too, modern poets, who write English verse, without genius or taste, have often composed in Latin with some powers. We no doubt discover a hundred beauties in Horace and Virgil, which could not have been such to their contemporaries, because the language was not sufficiently remote from them. I shall give two very poetical expressions in Virgil, which I now recollect, and he has many similar ones. These felicitous expressions, full of the true spirit of poetry, were probably no novelties when he wrote them. The poet says, "*Dum trefidant ALÆ*" and "*SONIPES*," where, in the first, wings are understood for birds, and in the second, sounding-feet for horses. The effect for the cause. Milton is fond of metonymy; the efficient for the effect. He has the *sounding alchemy*. The general for



the particular : *so spake the gristly terror*. All this is highly poetical expression. Dryden, in versifying the celebrated simile of Virgil's nightingale, has happily called the young, "the unfeathered innocence:" how superior to "the young birds!"

Virgil has also, in his Georgics, an expression, so truly inimitable, that our language appears not to afford a correspondent delicacy. When the poet describes Eurydice at the moment before she is wounded by the snake concealed in the grass, as if animated by a prescient fervour, he exclaims, "*moritura puella*." The reader of taste feels an emotion of surprise and curiosity. Translate this happy word literally into prose, and the grace must be as fugitive as Eurydice herself, "the maid about to die." The charm arises, if I may so express myself, from the concise amplitude of idea the single word conveys. All our translators have failed in catching the evanescent beauty: Dryden calls her *the dying bride*; Trapp translates *she doomed to death*; while Warton denominates her *the fated maid*\*. In none of these is a similar emotion raised in the mind of the reader, which he receives from the *moritura*. Dryden's, indeed, is most faulty, and Warton's the least; yet *fated* is a general idea, and loses that delicate shade of appropriation, of the *about to die*. This phrase, indeed, which each poet, in his zeal for a lofty style, carefully shuns, is the only true one in this place.

In an inferior degree, we may extend our principle to modern languages; for, to me, it has often appeared, that a passage from Tasso has given to an English reader a pleasure which a native cannot experience; the pleasure arising from a language whose graces have not become familiar by ordinary recurrence.

The effect of the same principle may be traced in our own earlier

\* The term *maid*, in this place, is a whimsical blunder.

writers. One of their peculiar charms is their ancient style; and certain phrases, which are generally understood, delight, like a painting which is just embrowned and mellowed by the hand of time. If we contrast a fine passage in Shakespeare, with a rival one in a modern poet, allowing them equal force, we should not hesitate to give the preference to the elder bard. The lively pleasure with which some men of taste read Chaucer may be ascribed to their sensibility of a language, which displays many graces, invested with that novelty of poetical expression, which would cease to strike were they familiar. The venerable dignity of the Scriptures much depends upon their ancient style, and their simplicity, delightful in the old English, would evaporate, transfused into modern language.

One of the weakest arguments, therefore, urged by modern translators of the Bible, in favour of new versions, is, that the style of the ancient one is obsolete. Their *modernizings* have sometimes a ludicrous effect: for instance, instead of the spirit of God moved *upon the face of the waters*, Purver has it *moved a-top* of the waters. Another translator thinks it much more dignified to call Job a certain *opulent gentleman*, than simply a *rich man* of Uz. He turns *publicans* into *excise men*; *elders* into *justices*; David's *chief captain*, into *generalissimo*, with many improvements of the like nature.

One of the most difficult branches in modern poetry, or in the poetical art, in all ages of refinement, is, the formation of a new style, or poetical diction. This demands not only a superior genius, but a suspicion may arise that our language in this respect is nearly exhausted. And this will appear, if we examine the finest compositions published within the last thirty years; where one eminent defect will often be prevalent; that the general cast of the language has little variation; expressions are interwoven, which the

poet nicely picked out of the performances of his predecessors, to embroider his own; and though, sometimes, a new combination of ideas, or felicity of subject, renders a poem interesting, yet the poetical treasury of diction receives but few accessions.

This has been an effect felt by many poets. Milton, whose notions of poetry were of the most exalted nature, when he proposed composing an epic, perceived the necessity of constructing a new diction, or, as himself expresses it, *to build the lofty rhyme*. In his smaller productions, he was satisfied to employ the language of his contemporaries, because, in a short composition, he might form new combinations of style, without pursuing any particular system. What, therefore, has this great poet attempted? An introduction of all the happiest idioms of every language with which his extensive learning was acquainted. Hebraisms and Grecisms, Latinisms and Italianisms, poured themselves into his copious mind; and what Johnson has termed *the pedantry of his style*, true taste will, perhaps, acknowledge as an attempt to seize on those felicitous expressions which more nicely reveal our sensations. Dryden adorned his language also with many Latinisms; and Pope is acknowledged to have formed a diction which in his day had all the attractions of novelty. Of all our poets, Gray had the liveliest sensibility for this beauty, which he has expressed by *words that burn*. A poet of his ability, who studied so much, and produced so little, seems to show that he could not satisfy his own delicacy of taste, in the creation of a new poetical diction; and this, I think, appears by those few exquisite performances he has left, for almost every expression in the poetry of Gray appears to have been imitated from his predecessors. He justly observes that *the language of the age is never the language of poetry*. What he has given evinces his aim; and we may conclude that it is one of the grand

characteristics of modern poetry, and one of the greatest obstacles in that pleasing art.

Whenever, in the progress of refinement, the poetical language becomes thus difficult, it is observable that true genius, often weary with imitatively echoing the established diction, at once falls back into the manner of the earlier poets. Some expressions of our elder writers have a marvellous effect in modern verse. The *poet* Rousseau has, in many of his compositions, essayed to seize on the *naïveté* of Marot, by copying his style, but his strained affectation produces a disagreeable effect. Churchill rejected an artificial diction, and too often versifies like Oldham; for an editor of this poet's works has contrasted passages from the modern satirist, which equal the discordance of Oldham's verse. When Churchill introduces a poetical expression from our elder poets, it has often a very pleasing effect. Cowper, and his imitators, can only be considered as having assumed the diction and manner of our old poets; a critical feeling perceives, in their blank verse, the tones of Shakespeare.

This *retrogression* has assumed a new form, and has probably reached its utmost point in our own times. In the hands of Wordsworth and Southey, the poetical style has dwindled down to the level of absolute *talk*: not to the *talk* of the well-bred and enlightened, but of *clowns* and *chambermaids*. The current of fashion, which has risen so strongly in favour of this false simplicity, is probably turning, and, in a short time, the school of Southey will be extinct.

It has been considered as a poetical beauty to aggrandise the little by the pomp of expression. When objects, or circumstances, by their exility or meanness would occasion no agreeable sensation, some have thought it an evidence of higher art to dignify them by grandeur of style; in a word, as I heard a man of genius say of a painter, he knew to give dignity to a dunghill. But



this has often been carried to excess, by a fastidious refinement. Boileau has been applauded because he first applauded himself, which, by the bye, is a certain way of securing the approbation of many, for having raised into poetical language the simple idea of his wearing a wig at the age of fifty-eight, in these lines :

Mais aujourd'hui, qu'enfin la vieillesse  
est venue,  
Sous mes faux cheveux blonds déjà  
toute chenue,  
A jetté sur ma tête, avec ses doigts  
pesans,  
Onze lustres complets, surchargés de  
trois ans.

To me there appears a puerility in these celebrated lines ; the description is exact, and the expression beautiful ; but does not the poet debase his art ? When the reader recollects the *wig*, must he not smile at this mock sublime ? I will give an instance where, on the contrary, the idea is great, and the expression mean. Pope has been parodied and ridiculed for the following lines on lord Mansfield :

Grac'd as thou art, with all the pow'r  
of words,  
So known, so honour'd at the *House of  
Lords*.

The pathos is here in the expression, not in the idea ; for if we employ here the word *senate*, as Pope himself has elsewhere done, in paying a similar compliment to the duke of Argyle, there will be nothing ridiculous ; the familiarity of the expression is the only cause of this unfortunate passage. When words are not familiar, they take away from the offence which some ideas may give, in common terms. Homer has been ridiculed by certain critics, for having so minutely described the dog Argus, lying on a dunghill, nearly devoured by vermin. The annotator then observes, " It is certain that the *vermin* which Homer mentions, would debase our poetry ; but in the Greek that very *word* is noble and sonorous, *Κυνόγαϊόν*."

Here then is a word which can give dignity to a circumstance very offensive in itself ; but we cannot at present, I think, decide whether this word, which appears to us so noble and sonorous, affected an ancient Greek in the same manner. All that appears certain, is, that the *Κυνόγαϊόν* of Homer is a noble and sonorous term to our ear, and has not the debasing familiarity of corresponding English words.

As another proof to show the effect of expressions that are not familiar, I shall quote Kaimes, who has a curious observation, which seems to relate to this subject, though by him applied to a different purpose. He writes, " A sea prospect is charming, but we soon tire of an unbounded prospect. It would not give satisfaction to say, that it is too extensive ; for why should not a prospect be relished, however extensive ?" But employ a *foreign term*, and say that it is *trop vaste*, we enquire no farther ; a *term that is not familiar makes an impression, and captivates weak reason*. This observation accounts for a mode of writing formerly in common use, that of stuffing our language with Latin words and phrases. It also throws light upon the reverence entertained by Roman catholics for the Latin language. Protestants, by making the disuse of Latin in religious offices a point of conscience, cannot comprehend the peculiar energy and sanctity which this language possesses, in the apprehension of Romanists. The " Ave Maria" of the Romanist is as much or more superior to the equivalent phrase in his own language, as the " hail" of our Bible and poetical English is superior to the *how d'ye do* of our common dialect.

Purity of language is not a characteristic of style in an age of refinement. Gibbon observes that, in a polite age, in which a language is thoroughly cultivated, every writer who is a man of education, of letters, and of taste, speaks nearly the same language ; and very often *genius and eloquence*, instead of being



companions to *purity*, are enemies to it, by diverting the attention to nobler aims. Bouhours is much purer than either Corneille or Bayle. The great writers will solicitously domiciliate the most elegant foreign idioms, and hence the Latinisms of Johnson, and the Gallicisms of Gibbon. The more exquisite our taste, the more desirous are we of expressing its exquisiteness; no writer complains of paucity of expression in the first progress of taste; for it is long before we are aware of the difficulty of giving the delicacies of conception, and communicating the precise quantity of our feelings. A refined writer is willing to lose something of idiomatic language, to gain something of expressive language. Some of our finest idioms become common; and a writer then attempts to give an equivalent in sense, that may not offend by its commonness; and this attempt, perhaps, may arise into affectation. The more polished a language becomes, certain significant expressions become obsolete; a complaint made by some writers who were more solicitous of forcible, than of elegant expression. We are not to be censured too severely for an occasional adoption of a foreign phrase, though this permission may degenerate into licentiousness with unskilful writers.

From all this we may infer, that the diction of poetry is the poet's greatest difficulty. It is a misfortune attending the progress of art. It is our opulence that produces this poverty; for we may say with the ancient Romans, alluding to their numerous conquests, *we perish, because of our abundance*.

o.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### ON HABITUATING OURSELVES TO AN INDIVIDUAL PURSUIT.

TWO things in human life are at continual variance; and if we can-

not escape from the one, we must lose the other; dissatisfaction and pleasure. Dissatisfaction, or *ennui*, is an afflicting sensation, if we may thus express it, from a want of sensation; and pleasure is more pleasure according to the quantity of sensation. Let us invent a scheme, by which at once we repel *ennui*, and acquire and augment pleasure. Sensation is received according to the capacity of our organs; our organs may be almost incredibly improved by practice; as in the cases of the blind, who have a finer tact, and the jeweller, who has a finer sight, than other men, who are not so much interested in refining their vision and their touch. Intense devotion to an object must, therefore, present means of deriving more numerous and keener pleasures from that object.

Hence the poet, long employed on a poem, has received a quantity of pleasure, which no reader can ever feel; and hence one reader receives a quantity of pleasure unfelt by another. In the progress of any pursuit, there are a hundred delicious sensations, which are too intellectual to be embodied by language. Every artist knows what uncommon combinations his meditations produce; and though some, too imperfect, or too subtle, resist his powers of displaying them to others, yet between the thought that first gave rise to his design, and each one which appears in it, there are innumerable intermediate sensations, which no man felt but himself. These pleasures are in number according to the intensity of his faculties, and the quantity of his labour.

Though this remark alludes to works of art, I would not confine it to these pursuits; for any employment, from the manufacturing of pins, to the construction of philosophical systems, appears susceptible of similar pleasures. We shall see that every individual can exert that quantity of mind necessary to his wants, and adapted to his situation; and that the quality of pleasure is nothing in the present question. For I think that we are mistaken con-

cerning the gradations of human felicity. It at first appears, that an astronomer, rapt in abstraction, while he gazes on a star, must feel more exquisite delight than a farmer who is conducting his team; or a poet must experience a higher gratification in modulating verses, than a trader in arranging sums. But, in truth, the happiness of the ploughman and the trader may be as satisfactory as that of the astronomer and the poet. Our mind can only be conversant with those sensations which surround us, and possessing the skill of managing *them*, we can form an artificial felicity; it is certain, that what the soul does not feel, no more affects it, than what the eye does not see. It is thus that the mean trader, habituated to low pursuits, can never be unhappy because he is not the general of an army; for this idea of felicity he has never harboured. The philosopher, who gives his entire years to mental pursuits, is never unhappy because he is not in possession of an Indian opulence, for the idea of accumulating this exotic splendour has never entered the range of his desires. Nature, an impartial mother, renders felicity as perfect in the school-boy who lashes his top, as in the astronomer who regulates his star. The thing contained can only be equal to the container; a full glass is as full as a full bottle; and a human soul may be as much satisfied, in the lowest of human beings, as in the highest.

In this devotion to a particular object, what philosophers call the ASSOCIATING IDEA exists in all its activity and energy; and it may be rendered productive of the sensations we desire; for, when attached to one pursuit, this idea will generally point and conduct our thoughts to it. The associating power is a sovereign seated on his throne, while all our other ideas bend towards and obey its mandates. Hence the persons who experience their completest happiness are, a student in the midst of his books; an artist among his productions; a farmer amid his lands; a merchant

in his trade; a horseman in his menagerie; a captain in his ship, &c. These are all persons who respectively enjoy more real felicity at those hours than in any other portion of their lives.

Many peculiar advantages attend the cultivation of one master passion, or occupation. In superior minds it is a sovereign that exiles others, and in inferior minds it enfeebles pernicious propensities. It may render us useful to our fellow citizens, and, what is of great consequence, it imparts the most perfect independence to the individual. The more also the sovereign passion is directed to intellectual gratifications, the more exalted and perfect is its independence. It is observed, by a great mathematician, that a geometrician would not be unhappy in a desert.

We might therefore recommend the same unity in life, which gives such a value when found in a picture or a poem. This unity of design, with a centripetal force, draws together all the rays of our existence, and the more forcibly it draws, the more perfect is human felicity. But if, regardless of this, we yield ourselves to a distracting variety of opposite pursuits with an equal passion, our soul is placed amid a continual shock of ideas, and happiness is lost by mistakes. How often, when accident has turned the mind firmly to one object, does it discover that its occupation is another name for happiness; for this occupation is a means of escaping from incongruous sensations. It secures us from the dreadful and dark vacuity of soul, as well as from the terrible whirlwind of ideas; reason itself is passion, but passion full of serenity.

It is observable of those, who have devoted themselves to an individual object, that its importance is incredible enlarged to their view. Close attention magnifies like a microscope; but we may apologize for their seeming extravagance, by observing that they really perceive excellences not discovered by others. I confess this passion has been



sometimes carried to amusing extremes: literary history affords numerous instances. Most travellers, indeed, see but one set of objects. Among these, this exclusive direction of the mind is most remarkable in the antiquarian and the landscape painter, since they see in the green hill and the mouldering wall, exactly the things which are generally invisible to these who pass their lives upon the spot.

In reading Dr. Burney's Musical Travels, it would seem that music was the prime object of human life. Richardson the painter, in his treatise on his beloved art, closes all by affirming, that *Raphael is not only equal, but superior to a Virgil, or a Livy, or a Thucydides, or a Homer!* And he proceeds, by acquainting the world, how painting can reform our manners, increase our opulence, honour, and power. Our lively enthusiast says, elsewhere, "Painting is the utmost limit of human power, in the communication of ideas. History begins, poetry raises higher, sculpture goes yet farther, but painting completes and perfects." Denina, in his *Revolutions of Literature*, tells us, that to excel in historical composition requires more ability than is exercised by the excelling master of any other art; because it requires not only the same erudition, genius, imagination, taste, &c., necessary for a poet, a painter, or a philosopher, but the historian must also have some peculiar qualifications. I think it was after this publication he became a historian. Helvetius, an enthusiast in the fine arts and polite literature, has composed a poem on happiness, and imagines that it consists in an exclusive love of the cultivation of letters and the arts. All this, perhaps, may show that the more intensely we attach ourselves to an individual object, our sensations are more numerous, and more fervidly alive than those who break the force of their feelings in attempting to strike on a variety of objects, and if this is true, we may conclude

that it is one great source of human happiness.

W.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

A SKETCH OF THE POET  
SPENSER.

THE fame of this poet, however great during his lifetime, seems to have excited no inquiry into his parentage. He himself informs us, that he was born in

—— merry London, my most kindly nurse,  
That to me gave this life's first native source,  
Though from another place I take my name,  
A house of ancient fame.

But though Spenser alludes repeatedly to his *gentle* birth, and claims kindred with several persons of rank, his parents are entirely unknown. It appears from one of the sonnets, that the christian name of his mother was Elizabeth; and this is all we know. The birth of the poet is conjectured to have taken place about 1553; but the first event of his life, which has been ascertained, is his admission as a sizer of Pembroke Hall, in Cambridge, 1569, where he acquired the degree of bachelor and master of arts in 1572-3 and 1576. Here commenced his intimacy with Gabriel Harvey. He seems to have been disappointed, either in his views of a fellowship, or of some other academical distinction, which has not prevented his gratitude to his *alma mater* from breaking forth in his account of the Ouze, who

—— doth by Huntingdon and  
Cambridge flit;  
My mother Cambridge, whom, as with  
a crown,  
He doth adorn, and is adorned of it,  
With many a gentle muse, and many a  
learned wit.

From the university, Spenser seems to have retired to some friends in the north. Of the cause of his journey, or his occupation while with them, we have no record. Here he composed, besides lesser poems, the *Shepherd's Calendar*; a work which, in some places, exhibits a beautiful model of pastoral poetry, and, in others, that turn for allegorizing and moralizing two meanings in the same tale, which afterwards gave rise to the *Faery Queen*.

It is supposed that some passages in these poems, of a nature rather political than pastoral, particularly a warm eulogium on archbishop Grendal, drew down upon him the wrath of the great Burleigh; the effects of which, though deprecated by Spenser, and exaggerated perhaps by former biographers, certainly continued to attend him through his life. It was in vain he ascribed to a commentary of the blatant beast Slander, that construction of his poetry which had drawn on him "a mighty peer's displeasure:" it was in vain that, among the worthies of Elizabeth's court, to whom he addressed separate sonnets with his *Faery Queen*, he distinguished Burleigh by the most flattering strains. We find, from repeated passages in his works, that his offence was never forgotten or forgiven. But the *Shepherd's Calendar*, though unfortunate in making him one powerful and inveterate enemy, secured him many active and distinguished friends. Its fame was the means of introducing him to the friendship of sir Philip Sidney, and to that of Leicester; a more powerful, if less discerning patron. The latter received Spenser into his house, though in what capacity does not appear; perhaps in order to facilitate the composition of the *Stemmata Dudleiana*, an account of the earl's genealogy, with which Spenser appears to have been busied in 1580. At this time the poet was also engaged with his *Faery Queen*, with the *Dying Pelican*, with the *Visions*, which he afterwards published in a more correct shape, and sundry

less important labours. About July in the same year, he received, doubtless through the patronage of lord Leicester, the place of secretary to Arthur lord Grey, lord lieutenant of Ireland, which he held till lord Grey's return to England in 1582. Spenser appears to have been sincerely attached to this nobleman, whom he has distinguished in his *Faery Queen* under the character of Arthegal, or justice. Lord Grey's course with the Irish was that of severity, for excess of which he seems to have been recalled to England. Hence Spenser describes Arthegal, when returning from the adventure of succouring Irene, as leaving his work unfinished.

But, ere he could reform it thoroughly,  
He through occasion was called away  
To faery court, that of necessity  
His course of justice he was forced to  
stay.

On his return, the victorious knight is attacked by Envy, by Detraction, and by the blatant beast, or Slander, who railed against him;

Saying that he had, with unmanly guile  
And foul abusion, both his honour  
blent,  
And that bright sword, the sword of  
justice, lent,  
Had stained with reproachful cruelty,  
In guiltless blood of many an innocent.  
As for Grandtorto, him with treacherie  
And traines having surprised, he foully  
did to die.

This last accusation is referred by Upton to lord Grey's putting to death the Spaniards who held out the fort of Smerwick after they had surrendered to him at discretion; which "sharp execution" Spenser has justified at more length in his *State of Ireland*. After the recall of lord Grey, the poet's services in the state, and perhaps also his poetical fame, was rewarded by the grant of the castle of Kilcolman, in the country of Cork, and 3028 acres out of the forfeited state of the earl of Desmond.



The castle is now almost level with the ground. It was situated on the north side of a fine lake, in the midst of a vast plain, terminated to the east by the Waterford mountains; Ballyhowra hills to the north, or, as Spenser terms them, the mountains of Mole; Nagle mountains to the south; and the mountains of Kerry to the west. It commanded a view of above half of the breadth of Ireland, and must have been, when the adjacent uplands were wooded, a most pleasant and romantic situation; from whence, no doubt, Spenser drew several parts of the scenery of his poem. The river Mulla, which he more than once has introduced in his poems, ran through his grounds. Here, indeed, the poet has described himself, as keeping his flock under the foot of the mountain Mole, amongst the cool shades of green alders, by the shore of Mulla; and charming his oaten pipe (as his custom was) to his fellow shepherd-swains.

The following stanzas are descriptive of Spenser's tranquil retreat, and contain, especially the first, the most happy imitation of the rich and artful melody of his versification.

Awake, ye west windes, through the  
lonely dale,  
And fancy to thy faerie bower be-  
take;  
Even now with balmie freshness  
breathes the gale,  
Dimpling with downie wing the stilly  
lake;  
Through the pale willows faultering  
whispers wake,  
And evening comes with locks bedropt  
with dew;  
On Desmond's moulding turrets slowly  
shake  
The trembling rie-grass and the hare-  
bell blew;  
And ever and anon fair Mulla's plaints  
renew.

O for the namelesse power to strike  
mine eare,  
The power of charm by Naiads once  
possest!

Melodious Mulla! when full oft while  
eare  
Thy gliding numbers soothed the gen-  
tle brest  
Of haplesse Spenser, long with woes  
opprest,  
Long with the drowzie patron's  
smiles decoyed,  
Till in thy shades, no more with  
cares distrest,  
No more with painful, anxious hopes  
accloyed,  
The sabbath of his life the mild good  
man enjoyed.

The delight of these halcyon days was enhanced by a visit which sir Walter Raleigh made to his estates in the poet's vicinity in 1589. To the criticism of the *shepherd of the ocean*, as Spenser elsewhere termed him, he submitted such books of the Faery Queen as he had then finished; and was determined, by his ardent approbation, immediately to prepare them for the press. For this purpose, he accompanied sir Walter to England; and in 1590, the three first books of this beautiful poem were given to the world. The author of a romantic poem did not remain long unrewarded in the romantic court of Elizabeth. The earl of Essex, who replaced, as the flower of chivalry, the amiable Sidney, was now added to Spenser's former patrons; and, under their auspices, the poet received from queen Elizabeth a pension of 50l. yearly; and perhaps the list of laureate dulness has some title to be illuminated by the name of Spenser. Some farther advantages, probably a permanent establishment in Britain, appear to have been unsuccessfully solicited by our author; for the striking lines, describing the miseries of a suitor for court favour, have been always understood to refer to his own disappointments.

Full little knowest thou that hast not  
tride,  
What hell it is in suing long to bide;  
To lose good days that might be bet-  
ter spent;  
To waste long nights in pensive dis-  
content;

To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;  
 To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;  
 To have thy prince's grace, yet want her peere's;  
 To have thy asking, yet wait many years;  
 To frett thy soul with crosses and with cares;  
 To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;  
 To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to ronne;  
 To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.

In the same satire and elsewhere, Spenser has not hesitated to launch the darts of his satire against his powerful enemy, lord Burleigh.—After the publication of the *Faery Queen* in 1590, Spenser seems to have returned to Ireland, where he was soon after married. The progress of his passion and its success is celebrated in his sonnets and epithalamion. The surname of the beautiful Elizabeth has escaped the researches of the biographer. In 1595, the next three books of the *Faery Queen* made their appearance. There is an unauthorised story told by sir James Ware, that about this time Spenser had written the remaining six cantos of that beautiful poem, which were afterwards lost by the carelessness of his servant in passing from Ireland. But it appears much more probable, that the work was never completed by the author, especially when we consider how long he had dwelt upon the first three books. It is too certain, that if any fragments, excepting the two cantos of "*Mutabilitie*," did ever exist, they are entirely lost to the world, and were probably destroyed in the wreck of our author's fortune, when his house was pillaged by the rebels.

Spenser visited England in 1596, when he appears to have presented to the queen and her ministers his *View of the State of Ireland*, which probably induced Elizabeth to recommend him to the office of sheriff of Cork, by a letter dated in Sep-

tember, 1598. But, in October following, Tyrone, who had been long in arms, obtained that signal victory over sir Henry Bagnal, marshal of Ireland, which was long after remembered by the name of the defeat of Blackwater. He instantly summoned his secret confederates in Munster to imitate him in assailing the English settlers. The call was obeyed; and the insurrection, like those we have had the misfortune to witness in later times, broke out with the irresistible fury of a volcano. At the head of the Munster rebels was James Fitzthomas Geraldine, titular earl of Desmond. It was natural that he and his followers should be inflamed with the most bitter indignation against "the English undertakers," as they were called, to whom the forfeited estates of the Geraldines had been granted after Desmond's war. "And to speak truth," says Fynes Morrison, who had the best access to know the fact, "Munster undertakers were in great part cause of this defection, and of their own fatal miseries. For, whereas they should have built castles, and brought over colonies of English, and have admitted no Irish tenant, but only English, these and like covenants were in no part performed by them. Of whom the men of best quality never came over, but made profit of the land; others brought no more English than their own families; and all entertained Irish servants and tenants, which were now the first to betray them. If the covenants had been kept by them, they themselves might have made two thousand able men; whereas, the lord president could not find above two hundred of English birth amongst them, when the rebels first entered the province. Neither did these gentle undertakers make any resistance to the rebels; but left their dwellings, and fled to walled towns; yea, when there was such danger in flight, as greater could not have been in defending their own, whereof many of them had woeful experience, being surprised with



their wives and families in flight."

Spenser, who held the castle and estate of Kilcolman, an ancient appanage of the Geraldines, who had been clerk of council for the province, and who, in his *View of Ireland*, had advised that future lieutenants should follow the example of the severe and inflexible Grey, had little mercy to hope. Accordingly, he fled with precipitation, such precipitation, that an infant child of the poet's appears to have been left behind, who perished when the rebels burned his castle. He arrived in London in misery and indigence. The bounty of Essex, and of his other friends, might save him from the extremity of poverty; but, in proportion as the sufferers under a calamity are numerous, relief becomes more difficult, and individual distress is regarded with less commiseration. Spenser never subdued the impressions of sorrow and misfortune. He died of a broken heart at London, in January, 1599. He was buried at the expence of his munificent patron, the earl of Essex. His melancholy fate is thus commemorated by Phineas Fletcher.

Witness our Colin, whom, though all  
the graces  
And all the muses loved; whose well  
taught song  
Parnassus' self and Glorian embraces,  
And all the learned and all the shepherd  
throng;  
Yet all his hopes were crossed, all  
suits denied,  
Discouraged, scorned, his writings  
vilified.  
Poorly, poor man, he lived; poorly, poor  
man, he died.

And had not that great hart (whose  
honoured head,  
Ah, lies full low) pitied thy woeful  
plight,  
There hadst thou lain, unwept, unburied,  
Unblest, nor graced with any common  
rite:  
Yet thou shalt live when thy great foe  
shall sink  
Beneath his mountain tomb, whose  
fame shall stink,

And Time his blacker name shall blur  
with blackest ink.

Oh, let the Iambic muse revenge that  
wrong,  
Which cannot slumber in thy sheets  
of lead:

Let thy abused honour cry as long  
As there be quills to write or eyes to  
read.

On his rank name let thine own votes  
be turned,

"Oh, may that man that hath the  
muses scorned,

"Alive nor dead be ever of a muse  
adorned."

It is well known that Spenser's *Faery Queen* is an allegory. This is an uninteresting species of writing, even when intelligible, but is particularly unfortunate when the allusion is to temporary historical events, and which, of course, quickly becomes an unfathomable mystery. The following explication of Spenser's first canto will be acceptable to the admirers of that poet. The red-cross knight, the hero of this canto, in general signifies "holiness;" or, the perfection of the spiritual man in religion. But, in the political and particular sense, the adventures of St. George bear a peculiar and obvious, though not a uniform reference to the history of the church of England, as established by queen Elizabeth. Thus, we find the orthodox church, in its earlier history, surmounting the heresies of the Arians, and many others; as the red-cross knight, while animated by the voice of Una, or Truth, destroys the monster Error and her brood. Again, he defeats Sans Foy, but falls into the snares of Duessa, the leman of the vanquished knight. Thus the church, in the reign of Constantine, triumphed over paganism, but was polluted by Error, in consequence of its accession to temporal sovereignty. Hence its purity was affected by those vices which are described as inhabiting the house of Pride; and, becoming altogether relaxed in discipline, the church was compelled

to submit to the domination of the pope. These events are distinctly figured out in the imprisonment of the red-cross knight in the castle of Orgoglio, and in Duessa's assuming the trappings and seven-headed palfrey of the whore of Babylon. Here the poet also seems dimly to have shadowed forth what was not too plainly to be named—the persecution in the days of queen Mary.

But all the floor (too filthy to be told)  
With blood of guiltless babes and innocents true  
Which there were slain as sheep out of the fold,  
Defiled was, that dreadful was to view;  
And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

The conquest of Orgoglio and Duessa, therefore, plainly figure forth the downfall of popery in England, as the enlargement of the red-cross knight signifies the freedom of the protestant church, happily accomplished by the accession of Elizabeth.

The affection of Timias for Belphæbe, is allowed, on all hands, to allude to sir Walter Raleigh's pretended admiration of queen Elizabeth; and his disgrace, on account of a less platonic intrigue with the daughter of sir Nicolas Throgmorton, together with his restoration to favour, are plainly pointed out in the subsequent events. But no commentator has noticed the beautiful insinuation by which the poet points out the error of his friend, and of his friend's wife. Timias finds Amoret in the arms of Corflambo, or Sensual Passion; he combats the monster unsuccessfully, and wounds the lady in his arms.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### ANECDOTES AND CHARACTER OF FREDERIC THE GREAT OF PRUSSIA.

THE earlier years of Frederic's life were spent in the school of ad-

versity. Whether the influence of this discipline, commonly propitious to the character of great men, was exerted in chastening his principles, and in calling forth and regulating those feelings which the education of a court tends either to stifle or pervert, may be learnt from his conduct immediately after he came to the crown; while, as yet, his heart could not have become callous from the habits of uncontrouled dominion, nor his principles unsettled by the cares of his turbulent career. When William discovered his son's plan for escaping from Prussia, he caused him to be arrested, together with his confidential friend De Catt, and instantly brought to trial before a military commission. The interposition of Austria alone saved the prince's life; but he was thrown into prison at the fort of Custrin, where his friend was beheaded on a scaffold raised before his apartment to the level of the window, from which he was forced to view this afflicting spectacle. He was so much overpowered, that he sunk senseless into the chair which had been placed to keep him at the window, and only recovered to bewail, with every appearance of the most poignant feeling, the fate of this unhappy young man, who had fallen a sacrifice to his faithful attachment. The savage conduct of William, indeed, left him scarce any other occupation; his confinement was as strict, and his treatment as harsh as that of the meanest felon. By degrees, however, his guards watched him less closely, and he was even permitted to steal out under cover of night, by circuitous paths, to a chateau in the neighbourhood, the residence of an amiable nobleman's family, who received him with the greatest kindness, and exposed themselves to constant risk on his account. Among them he spent as much of his time, for above a year, as he could gain from the humanity or treachery of his jailor. It was chiefly with music and reading that he consoled himself in the gloom of his prison; and they not only furnished him with books



and candles, but made little concerts for him in the evenings, when he could escape to enjoy their society. The young Wrechs, for that was the name of this family, were sufficiently accomplished and sprightly to gain Frederic's esteem. He delighted much in their company, and though they were so numerous, that the baron was kept in narrow circumstances by the necessary expences of their maintenance and education, he contrived, by straitening himself still more, to scrape together supplies of money to the amount of above six thousand rixdollars, with which he assisted, from time to time, his royal guest.

Such were the obligations which Frederic owed, during this eventful period of his life, first to the house of Austria, whose spirited and decisive interference saved him from the scaffold; next, to the unfortunate de Catt, who had sacrificed his life in the attempt to aid his escape; and, lastly, to the amiable family of the Wrechs, who, at the imminent risk of their lives, and a certain expence little suited to their circumstances, had tenderly alleviated the hardships of his confinement. As Frederic mounted the throne a short time after he was set at liberty, we might naturally expect that the impression of favours like these would outlive the ordinary period of royal memory. The first act of his reign was to invade the hereditary dominions of Austria, and reduce to the utmost distress the daughter and representative of the monarch whose timely interposition had saved his life, by heading a powerful combination against her, after unjustly stripping her of an invaluable province. The family relations of de Catt never received, during the whole of his reign, even a smile of royal favour. To the Wrechs he not only never repaid a creutzer of the money which they had pinched themselves to raise for his accommodation, but manifested a degree of coldness amounting to displeasure: so that this worthy and accomplished family were in a kind of disgrace

during his time, never received well at court, nor promoted to any of the employments which form in some sort the patrimony of the aristocracy. They were favoured by prince Henry; and all that they could boast of owing to the king, was, to use an expression of his panegyrist, that "*he did not persecute them*" on account of his brother's patronage.

In defence of this base conduct it has been said, that Frederic, from the moment he became king, devoted every feeling of his mind to his royal station, and reduced himself to a mechanical observance of its strict duties. The Prussian law prohibits the loan of money to princes of the blood, and declares all debts contracted by them null. But since the *king* was to govern himself by the enactments of this law, it would have been well if the *prince* had considered them. We have heard of Louis XII proudly declaring that it was unworthy the king of France to revenge the wrongs of the duke of Orleans. It was reserved for the unfeeling meanness of Frederic to show us that the king was not bound by the highest obligations of the prince of Prussia; that he could shelter himself from the claims of honour and gratitude, by appealing to laws which had been generously violated in his behalf.

But it may be fair to mention the solitary instance of a contrary description. The king had been assisted, in his musical relaxations at Potsdam, by the daughter of a citizen, who, without any personal charms, had the accomplishment most valuable to the prince, secluded as he was from all society, and depending for amusement almost entirely on his flute. His father no sooner heard of this intimacy than he supposed there must be some criminal intercourse between the young amateurs, and proceeded to meet the tender passion by the universal remedy which he was in the habit of administering to his subjects. The lady was seized, delivered over to the executioner, and

publicly whipped through the streets of Potsdam. This cruel disgrace of course put an end to the concerts, and to her estimation in society. When Frederic came to the throne, she was reduced to the humble station of a hackney-coachman's wife; and, with a rare effort of gratitude and generosity, he was pleased to settle upon her a pension of very little less than thirty-five pounds a-year.

The admirers of Frederic relate the following stories in proof of his sensibility. When one of Frederic's nephews, an amiable and accomplished prince, died suddenly of the small-pox, he composed a pompous eulogy, which he intended for the academy of Berlin. He accordingly sent for Thiebault, a French *savant* in his pay, and requested him to read it before that learned body, after correcting the French, and giving his further remarks, which meant expressing his admiration of it, in writing. But, first of all, he wished him to make a clean copy of it, and gave him particular directions to this effect. "However," added he, "you don't know my hand, and may perhaps find it difficult to decypher, for I scrawl rather than write; therefore, in order that you may guess my meaning more easily, I shall read this piece to you, such as it is." The king then took the paper and began to read, with the appearance, says Thiebault, of a man who wishes to command himself. He spoke slowly, and made frequent pauses to strengthen his voice. He had scarcely turned a couple of pages, however, before his eyes were filled with tears, and his utterance began to fail; he went on with many interruptions, and tried every means to conceal his agitation; but, before he could finish the fourth page, he was obliged to stop altogether, and hand the discourse to Thiebault, who stood admiring to see this great man accessible, like other mortals, to the feelings of humanity. M. de Catt, entering his apartment during one of the most critical periods of the seven years' war, found him en-

gaged in reading Bourdaloue; it was immediately after he had received the account of his eldest sister, the margravine of Bareuth's death, and in two days he gave him a manuscript, desiring him to keep it. M. de Catt found it was a sermon which the king had composed.

These circumstances, together with his well-known behaviour on de Catt's death, evince a certain kind of sensibility. The physical effect, however, produced upon a person's nerves, by the sight of some shocking spectacle, must be carefully distinguished from the changes which real grief works in the mind. Tears are at least as good evidence of a bodily or mental weakness, as of the tenderness of heart which we denominate sensibility. A man, whose feelings are abundantly callous, may weep copiously at seeing an intimate companion beheaded on the outside of his window, for an action in which he was himself the principal; and he may cherish this sorrow in the idleness of a dungeon, whom the most trifling interruption would have restored to his wonted gaiety or thoughtlessness, in the regions of the living world. But still more equivocal are the marks of feeling that are summoned by the exertions which a man voluntarily uses for procuring the luxurious indulgence of grief; and most of all are we disposed to question the purity of the tears which flow to the strains of the weeper's own eloquence. When an infidel scoffer, in some other mood of this sort, occupies himself with writing a sermon, we naturally conclude that there is more whim than feeling called forth by the occasion. And, after all, though we were to admit that Frederic could feel, because a few instances of this kind are collected, why did he so very seldom obey those impulses of his nature? why did he constantly stifle them, except in two or three wretched cases, where no advantage was to be sacrificed by the indulgence, and no bad passions interfered? A worse picture surely cannot be figured,



than that of a heart which beats by the calculations of interest; which is dead to the influence of feeling, and only wakes at the excitements of passion.

In one of his battles, happening to turn his head round, he saw his nephew, the hereditary prince, fall to the ground, his horse being killed under him. Frederic, thinking the rider was shot, cried, without stopping, "Ah! there's the prince of Prussia killed; let his saddle and bridle be taken care of!"

William Augustus, the king's elder brother, and heir apparent to the crown, had for many years been his principal favourite. He was a prince of great abilities, and singularly amiable character; modest almost to timidity, and repaying the friendship of Frederic by a more than filial devotion. He had served near his person in all his campaigns, had constantly distinguished himself in war, and, after the disastrous battle of Collin, was entrusted with the command of half the retreating army. While the king succeeded in bringing off his own division safe into Saxony, the prince, attacked on all hands by the whole force of the Austrians, suffered several considerable losses on his march, and gained the neighbourhood of Dresden with some difficulty. He was received, as well as his whole staff, with the greatest marks of displeasure. For several days the king spoke to none of them; and then sent a message by one of his generals, "*que pour bien faire, il devoit leur faire trancher la tête, excepté au general Winterfeldt.*" The prince was of too feeling a disposition not to suffer extremely from this treatment; he addressed a letter to the king, in which he stated, that the fatigues of the campaign, and his distress of mind, had totally injured his health; and received for answer a permission to retire, couched in the most bitter and humiliating reproaches. From this time he lived entirely in the bosom of his family, a prey to the deepest melancholy, but retaining for the

king his sentiments of warm attachment, and respect bordering upon veneration, though never permitted to approach his person. One interview only brought the brothers together after their unhappy separation. The different members of the royal family, during the most disastrous period of the seven years' war, when the existence of the house of Brandenburg seemed to depend on a diminution in the number of its enemies, united their voices in exhorting the king to attempt making such a peace with France and Sweden, as might be consistent with the honour of his crown. Prince William was entreated to lay their wishes before him; and oppressed as he was with disease, trembling to appear in his brother's presence, scarcely daring to hope even a decorous reception, he yet thought his duty required this effort, and supplicated an audience. Frederic allowed him to detail fully his whole views, and heard from him the unanimous prayer of his relations. "*Il prie,*" says Thiebault, "*il conjure, il emploie les larmes les plus abondantes; il embrasse les genoux de son frere.*" No sentiment of pity for the cause he pleaded, nor any spark of his ancient affection kindled in Frederic's bosom at so touching a scene. He remained silent and stern during the whole interview, and then put an end to it by these words: "*Monsieur, vous partirez demain pour Berlin: allez faire des enfans: vous n'êtes bon qu'à cela.*" The prince did not long survive this memorable audience.

The princess Amelia was in her youth the object of almost universal adoration; no less for the extreme beauty of her person and the excellence of her understanding, than for the mild and benevolent virtues that formed her character. She possessed, besides, many distinguished accomplishments; and it was in my time still recollected, that at Berlin, where the science of music is generally cultivated, there was no one who had surpassed her in the knowledge and perfection of that

arduous yet delightful art. Different pieces of music of her composition have been carefully preserved; and I was myself a witness to the admiration they excited, at a period when certainly there existed no predilection in her favour.

Amelia, more perhaps than any other member of the family, possessed an understanding that resembled that of Frederic: she had the same subtlety, the same vivacity, the same propensity to sarcastic ridicule. In her youth, this last feature of her character, however, had on no occasion made its appearance.

The attachment of Frederic for this amiable person was so great as to excite the jealousy of his other relatives, and even in time to draw down upon her the public dislike; for she was viewed as a sort of emissary or spy to her brother.— Their mutual affection, however, continued unimpaired; for the king subjected his friendships to his own caprices, and not to those of his family or courtiers. The princess having been cajoled out of a match with the king of Sweden, by her elder sister Ulrica, who succeeded in obtaining it for herself, unfortunately fixed her affections on a young cavalier of singular accomplishments, who had just made his appearance at the court of Berlin, and become the object of general admiration. This was the baron Trenck: a name since become almost proverbial for the expression of every accumulation of cruel treatment. But it is not so well known that his unparalleled calamities were entirely owing to the indiscreet passion of the princess, and his inability, notwithstanding frequent hints, to tear himself from the object of his attachment. He was arrested, or rather kidnapped, upon a foreign territory, after various escapes from the prisons and forts of Prussia, and was thrown into a dungeon at Magdeburg, *eighty feet* below ground, carefully watched, and prevented equally from attempts to divert the gloom of his confinement, and to effect an escape from it. In this

dreadful situation he remained for upwards of ten years.

The lady, for whom he had sacrificed so much, had never lost sight of him: she had administered to him every possible assistance in his first prison; and while he was a fugitive abroad, and at the moment when Trenck was effecting the completion of their mutual ruin, by his imprudence, he was indebted to her for the means of his subsistence. But from the time of his being buried, as it were, in the fortress of Magdeburg, neither the most active zeal, nor the most persevering efforts, could find a passage to their miserable object.

She now felt with double poignancy the conviction that she was the original cause of his sufferings, when she could no longer relieve them. To the mental tortures she endured, must be attributed those extraordinary and premature infirmities to which she was a victim. In the course of a few years, her personal charms had wholly disappeared; her voice was gone; her eyes, once remarkable for their beauty, had now started from their sockets, and she was threatened with total blindness; she nearly lost the use of her arms and hands; scarcely could she with her left hand raise the right to a certain height, and even this not without extreme pain; and the weakness of her legs was excessive. Never did despair and grief produce such fatal effects on any one whose life they had spared; and, as she survived these cruel attacks, it is natural to conclude that the desire and hope she felt of still being useful to him, for whom she endured such sufferings, inspired her with a supernatural strength and resolution.

A singular circumstance, and which proves how dark a veil was thrown over the whole of this affair, is, that the public, though witnesses of the physical afflictions she laboured under, had no idea of the cause, and sometimes even ascribed them to the eccentric cast of her character. "She has become what she is,"



people affirmed, "entirely by her own attempt to disfigure herself. Her character is so strange and eccentric, that she wilfully misapplied the remedies prescribed for her recovery, and this for the sole purpose of rendering herself hideous and infirm, even at the risk of her life."

She was accused of extraordinary eccentricity of character, because, in fact, she possessed an extraordinary understanding; though, at the same time, it must be admitted that her temper, owing to the violence and duration of her afflictions, had altered considerably for the worse. A woman of more gentle and pleasing manners, or of a more ingenuous temper, than she had been in her early years, was not to be met with: but these qualities she had now exchanged for a severity that knew no intervals of indulgence; that was prompt to presume evil rather than good, and exerted its influence the more sensibly as her turn for epigram made her spleen more easily felt.

Of all the predilections of her youth, her taste for reading was the only one she retained, with this variation, however, that she now read only books on philosophical or serious subjects, and entirely laid aside those of mere amusement. She had also abandoned her music, the art which she formerly more than any other cultivated, and in which she most excelled: a terrible example of the effects produced on the human frame by the constant disappointment of a violent passion.

Such was the miserable object whom Frederic saw daily pining away before his eyes, under a complication of ills produced by his own conduct, while his affection for her remained as constant and tender as before. After Trenck had lingered in his dungeon for above ten years, the empress queen, at the instance of the princess, applied for his liberation. The king could not refuse, and set him at liberty, with strict orders to quit the country for ever. The manner in which this interposition of Maria Theresa was effected, and the perpetual vigilance

of the princess to the case of the sufferer, form an affecting and curious narrative.

On arriving at Berlin, it may be easily imagined his first and most eager object was to visit the lady who had been the cause of his misfortunes. Alas! what language could describe the interview? it lasted for some hours, and was consecrated to mutual tears. The past, the present, the future was reviewed, without alleviation to their sorrows! What perplexities, what griefs were theirs! What a perspective lay before them! Trenck, his hair bleached with age; his body curved with the weight of sixty pounds of iron, which for ten years had hung from it; his features changed by grief: this was the man who, in his youth, had displayed so superb a person, and whose image she had so faithfully preserved! He, on the other hand, beheld in her, for whom he had suffered so much, a female prematurely old like himself; a head entirely bald, and shaking so as scarcely to support itself; a face disfigured and ghastly in its expression, and miserably wrinkled; eyes distorted, dim, and haggard; a form that tottered with feebleness upon limbs unable, through contortion and disease, any longer to perform their office. How, in so changed a being, was he to retrace the object of his affection, whom he had left in the bloom of youth, with features the most regular, a complexion the most dazzling, the most bewitching graces of air and person, all the charms and attractions of the most captivating physiognomy and most consummate beauty! And how, in the accents of austere affliction, the cold unfeeling train of reasoning, the words of desperation and distrust that now escaped her, in the harsh, illiberal spirit in which she now judged of men and things, could he recal the rich sallies of imagination which so often had enchanted him! Where were now the impetuosity of youthful gaiety, the sweetness of her manners, the enjoyment of the fleeting moment, and the rapturous dreams of future bliss! Alas! every

thing now is dead ! Each finds in the other a shrunk, emaciated form ! What efforts were necessary on either side to sustain so dreadful a shock !

In this moment of trial, the resolution of the lady proved superior to that of Trenck. She led the conversation in such a manner as to make it serve the purpose of diverting for the time their common sorrow, and mutually communicating the story of their past sufferings : she inquired into every particular of his situation ; the nature of his present resources and his future hopes ; how many children he had, and their different ages ; what manner of education he adopted for them.— She next assured him, she would do whatever lay in her power for them, and promised to take his eldest girl under her roof in quality of a companion. It was in this spirit that they separated, to see each other no more.

Having now contemplated this monarch in the relations of domestic life, it is now fit that we should view him among his friends. Of these, there was absolutely not one whom he did not treat with exemplary harshness, except Jordan, who indeed lived only a few years after Frederic came to the throne, while he was too much occupied with war to allow him time for mixing with that select society, in which he afterwards vainly hoped to enjoy the pleasures of entire equality, and where always, sooner or later, the king prevailed over the companion. Of all his friends, the marquis d'Argens seems to have been the most cordially and respectfully attached to his person.

On the occurrence of any difficulty, and on the eve of every battle, the solicitude of this loyal courtier was extreme : he might even be said to be beside himself. His correspondence with the king was as regular as circumstances would allow of, and they usually passed their time in each other's company when Frederic was in winter quarters. At one time the monarch had no

confident but d'Argens, to whose sympathy he could open his heart, his old associates being for the most part dead, and his relations on bad terms with him, because he persisted firmly in refusing their united and earnest request that he should demand a peace of France.

It was in this painful state of things that Frederic, seeing Prussia and Pomerania in the hands of the Russians, Silesia and Brandenburg in great part occupied by the Austrians, and Westphalia by the French ; finding himself too but feebly assisted by his allies ; his armies nearly annihilated, no less through his victories than his defeats ; himself without money or resources ; resolved on committing an act of suicide. This measure he communicated to the marquis d'Argens, in a letter which he called his farewell letter. D'Argens, on the receipt of it, shut himself in his closet, and passed the night in framing a reply, which he sent off before day-break. In this epistle, which was written with all the overflowing of the warmest friendship, Frederic contemplated at once the language of philosophy ; the resources and the hopes held out to him by political science ; in fine, the fortitude and energy with which the love of glory and of virtue can inspire a truly noble mind.

The preparations for death were laid aside : a new battle was hazarded, in which Frederic gained a complete victory, and afterward found means to provide for his most pressing necessities, again to become the dread of his enemies, and to conclude a peace upon his own terms.

The causes which prepared the termination of this exemplary friendship, chiefly resolve themselves into that unbounded familiarity with which the king delighted to treat his associates for a certain time, but which he was always sure to abuse, when he saw that they received it as he intended they should. The pretext for finally discarding his ancient companion was poor in the extreme. When the marquis consented to come into Frederic's ser-



vice, and leave his own country, it was upon the express condition that he should have permission to return home when he reached the age of seventy. He had a brother in France, to whom he was tenderly attached, and owed many obligations. As he approached this period of life, his brother prepared a house and establishment for his reception; and nothing was wanting but the king's leave to make him retire from a service to which he was now ill adapted by his years, and rendered averse by the coldness daily more apparent in the treatment he received. But Frederic, notwithstanding the bargain, and in spite of his diminished attachment to this faithful follower, peremptorily refused to grant his discharge: he allowed him a sort of furlough to see his brother, and took his promise to return in six months. When the visit was paid, and the marquis had arrived at Bourg on his return, the exertions which he made to get back within the stipulated time threw him into a dangerous illness. As soon as the six months expired, Frederic receiving no letter, and hearing nothing of him, became violently enraged, ordered his pensions to be stopped, and his name to be struck off the lists with disgrace. The account of these precipitate measures reached the marquis as he was on the point of continuing his journey after his recovery. And when he died, the king caused a monument to be raised to his memory, as a proof that he repented of his harsh and hasty proceedings against him.

The treatment which marshal Schwerin met with for gaining the battle of Molwitz, is well known. In order to execute the manœuvre upon which the victory depended, it was necessary that the king should retire from the field at a moment when success was almost despaired of. He consented; the tide was turned by the consummate skill of the general. Ever after, Frederic treated him with coldness; neglected him as far as the necessity of claiming assistance from his genius

would permit; and, finally, was the cause of his exposing himself to certain destruction at the battle of Prague, where this great master of the art of war fell undistinguished in the crowd, leaving his family to the neglect of an ungrateful sovereign, and his memory to be honoured by the enemy whom he conquered.

After Frederic had quarrelled with Voltaire, he heard of a chevalier Masson, whose wit and accomplishments were represented as sufficient to replace those which he had just lost by his vanity and caprice. It was with difficulty that this gentleman could be induced to quit the French service, in which he stood high; and when he arrived at Berlin, though it very soon became apparent that Voltaire's place was not one of those which are so easily supplied, yet he had qualities sufficient to recommend him, and was admitted instantly to the royal circles. A single indiscreet sally of wit ruined him in the king's favour. He retired in disgust to his study, where he lived the life of a hermit for many years;—his existence unknown to the world, and the most important of its concerns equally unknown to him. As he had thus sacrificed all his prospects to accept of Frederic's patronage, and had wasted the prime of his life in attending upon his capricious pleasure, it might have been expected that he would at least have been permitted to enjoy his poor pension, so dearly purchased, to the end of his inoffensive days. But after twenty years of seclusion, such as we have described, he had his name suddenly struck from the lists, and his appointments stopped, and was obliged to seek his own country with the savings which his parsimony had enabled him to make.

The same selfish spirit, or carelessness towards the feelings and claims of others, which marked Frederic's conduct to his family and friends, was equally conspicuous in his treatment of inferior dependants, both in the relations of society and of business. In his familiar

intercourse with those whom he permitted to approach him, we can find no line steadily drawn for the regulation of his own demeanour, or of theirs. His inclination seems to have been, that he should always maintain the manifest superiority, without owing it in appearance to his exalted station; but as soon as he lost, or was near losing, this first place in a contest upon fair terms, he was ready suddenly to call in the aid of the king. Thus it perpetually happened, that a conversation, begun upon an equal footing, was terminated by a single look of authority from the royal companion. He never failed to indulge his sarcastic humour and high spirits in sallies directed with little delicacy or discrimination against all around him; and unless he happened to have, at the moment, such answers as might, without any possibility of resistance, crush those whom his railleries had forced into a repartee, he was sure to supply the defect by an appeal to weapons which he alone of the circle could use. It is not describing his behaviour correctly, to say that in the hours of relaxation, he was fond of forgetting the monarch, provided his company never forgot him. This would at least have been one general rule, one principle of behaviour to which all might conform as soon as it was made known. But Frederic laid down and took up his sceptre at moments which his guests could never divine; and, far from insisting that they should always have it in their eyes, it would often have been a ground for his using it to stop the colloquy, if he had perceived them persevere in addressing the sovereign, when he was determined they should talk to a comrade. The only rule then of his society was entire submission to his caprices; not merely a passive obedience, but a compliance with every whim and turn of his mind; sometimes requiring to be met with exertions, sometimes to be received in quiet. It was impossible for the most harmless and unresisting of mortals always to escape the effects

of his unmanly temper; and even M. Thiebault himself was sometimes the object of his sallies, though he adopted one rule invariably, to keep his eyes and ears all open when the king either listened or spoke, and, at the first semblance of rising humour, to assume "a modest and humble attitude," and sink into silence. That we may form some idea of the nature and extent of this meanness, so poor in one who called himself a royal philosopher, it is proper to remark, that all those wits or other dependants with whom he passed his time, were entirely supported by his pensions; and that, besides, the dangers of a fortress, any resistance was sure to cost them and their families their daily bread.

His ordinary mode of enjoying society was, to send for a few of the philosophers, who were always in readiness, either when he dined, or had an hour's leisure from business, which he wished to beguile by the recreations of talking and receiving worship. On one of these occasions, the *savants* in waiting were, Quintus Icilius\* and Thiebault; and it happened that the king, after giving his opinion at great length, and with his usual freedom, upon the arrangement of Providence which conceals from mortals the period of their lives, called upon them to urge whatever could be stated in its defence. Quintus, unwarily supposing that he really wished to hear the question discussed, gave a reason, which appears completely satisfactory.—The philosopher of Sans-Souci, however, only desired his guests to take the opposite side of the argument, in the conviction that they were not to invalidate his own reasoning. And when Quintus fairly destroyed the force of it, by suggesting, that the

\* This was a Leyden professor, originally named Guichard, who being fond of military science, had been transformed into a colonel of chasseurs by the king; and then, from his admiration of Cæsar's aid-du camp, had been ordered to assume the name of Quintus Icilius.



certain knowledge of our latter end would infallibly diminish the ardour of our exertions for a considerable period beforehand, the king thought proper to break out into a violent personal invective. "Ici," says Thiebault, "la foudre partit aussi subite qu'imprevue." "*Cette facon de juger,*" lui dit le roi, "*est bonne pour vous, âme de boue et de fange ! Mais apprenez, si toutefois vous le pouvez, que ceux qui ont l'âme noble, élevée, et sensible aux charmes de la vertu, ne raisonnent point sur des maximes aussi misérables et aussi honteuses ! Apprenez, monsieur, que l'honnête homme fait toujours le bien tant qu'il peut le faire, uniquement parce que c'est le bien, sans rechercher quels sont ceux qui en profiteront ; mais vous ne sentez point ces choses ; vous n'êtes point fait pour les sentir.*" It may convey almost as exact an idea of M. Thiebault, as the above anecdote does of Frederic, if we add the words with which he concludes it : "Cette terrible apostrophe m'aneantit presque autant que celui qui en étoit l'objet. J'en fus d'autant plus troublé que le colonel n'avoit rien dit que je n'approuvasse dans le fond de l'âme."

When he submitted to our author's correction the language of a discourse, which he had composed for the academy, and received his observations in a private audience, there was one solecism so glaring that he utterly lost his temper, and defended it bitterly. Thiebault, whose professional character being at stake gave him an unusual courage upon this occasion, ventured to hold out against all his arguments. The king, in a rage, seized his pen, and violently substituted another phrase, which unluckily was still worse French. Thiebault again dared to remonstrate.

This new criticism set him off altogether ; he instantly became red with anger ; his whole physiognomy assumed a furious and menacing expression, like that of a man who is about to commit the greatest excesses. He threw down the pen,

saying, "Then the phrase must be left as it is." I am persuaded, says Thiebault, he was never more completely beside himself on the occasions when he so far forgot his dignity as to kick the shins of the persons about him. I however had no apprehensions of receiving from him a similar outrage, for I relied for my protection on the circumstance of my being a foreigner, Frederic never having committed it but on his own subjects. But I did expect that he would have sent me from his presence, never again to be recalled. My situation was extremely painful ; but I preserved both my composure and tranquillity, conscious that I was performing my duty : it was therefore not very difficult to accomplish the resolution I made of justifying my conduct, and showing myself for what I really was, previous to my dismissal. To this effect, my exterior appearance indicated that I confined myself within the bounds which decorum prescribed ; my manner expressed sorrow without dejection ; my voice was that of a man deeply affected, but inflexible ; and in a low, deliberate tone, my eyes fixed on the ground, and my body in a modest, simple, and fixed attitude, I said, "I most humbly and earnestly entreat your majesty to have the goodness to consider that I have neither calling nor means of subsistence for the support of myself and my family but through your majesty. From your bounty, sire, it is that I derive all I possess."

This most submissive expostulation, which lasted for some time, brought the king to himself, and he coldly adopted the emendation of M. Thiebault, who did not fail to express his admiration of such greatness of soul, and his satisfaction at his own narrow escape.

At one of his literary entertainments, when, in order to promote free conversation, he reminded the circle that there was no monarch present, and that every one might think aloud, the conversation chanced to turn upon the faults of different governments and rulers. Ge-

neral censures were passing from mouth to mouth, with the kind of freedom which such hints were calculated, and apparently intended, to inspire. But Frederic suddenly put a stop to the topic by these words, "*Paix ! paix ! messieurs ; prenez garde ; voilà le roi qui arrive ; il ne faut pas qu'il vous entende , car peut-être se croiroit-il obligé d'être encore plus méchant que vous.*"

These sketches may serve to illustrate the conduct of Frederic in *society*, and to show how far he could forget his power in his familiar intercourse with inferiors. As yet, we have seen only caprice, and that meanness, or, to call it by the right name, cowardice, which consists in trampling on the fallen, and fighting with those who are bound. His treatment of persons employed in his *service*, and his manner of transacting business with them, presents us with equal proofs of a tyrannical disposition, and examples of injustice and cruelty, altogether unparalleled in the history of civilized monarchies. It is well known that a large proportion of the Prussian army owes its origin to a system of crimping, which the recruiting officers carry on in foreign states, and chiefly in the distant parts of the empire. As Frederic II did not introduce this odious practice, he might, perhaps, be allowed to escape severe censure for not abolishing it ; but there can be only one opinion upon his conduct in those particular cases which came to his knowledge, and where his attention was specifically called to the grievous injuries sustained by individuals.

A French captain of cavalry, returning to his native country, after a long absence in the West Indies, was seized, in his journey along the Rhine, by some Prussian recruiting officers : his servant was spirited away, and he was himself sent to the army as a private soldier, in which capacity he was forced to serve during the rest of the seven years' war, against the cause, be it remarked, of his own country. In vain he addressed letter after letter to his

friends, acquainting them of his cruel situation : the Prussian post-office was too well regulated to let any of these pass. His constant memorials to the king were received, indeed, but not answered. After the peace was concluded, he was marched with his regiment into garrison ; and at the next review, the king, coming up to his colonel, inquired if a person named M—— was still in the corps. Upon his being produced, the king offered him a commission ; he declined it, and received his discharge.

It was thus that Frederic obtained, by kidnapping, the troops whom he used in plundering his neighbours. His finances were frequently indebted to similar means for their supply.

The king's favourite secretary, Galser, by his orders, caused fifteen millions of ducats to be made, in a very secret manner, with a third of base metal in their composition. This sum was then entrusted to a son of the Jew Ephraim, so well known in the history of Frederic's coinage, for the purpose of having it circulated in Poland, where it was accordingly employed in buying up every portable article of value that could be found. The Poles, however, soon discovered that they had been imposed upon, and contrived to transfer the loss to their neighbours, by purchasing with the new ducats whatever they could procure in Russia. The Russians, in like manner, found out the cheat, and complained so loudly, that the empress interfered, and made inquiries, which led to a discovery of the quarter whence the issue had originally come. She then ordered the bad money to be brought into her treasury, and exchanged it for good coin. She insisted upon Frederic taking the false ducats at their nominal value, which he did not dare to refuse, but denied that he had any concern in the transaction ; and to prove this, sent for his agent Galser, to whom he communicated the dilemma in which he was, and the necessity of giving him up as the



author of the imposture. Galsér objected to so dishonourable a proposal. The king flew into a passion, kicked him violently on the shins, according to his custom, sent him to the fortress of Spandaw for a year and a half, and then banished him to a remote village of Mecklenburg.

Frederic acted towards his officers upon a principle the most unjust, as well as unfeeling, that can be imagined. It was his aim to encourage military service among the higher ranks: the commonalty, he conceived, were adapted for all the meaner employments in the state, and should not occupy those stations in the army, which were, he thought, the birthright of the aristocracy. But instead of carrying this view into effect, by the only arrangement which was reconcileable with good faith—establishing a certain standard of rank, below which no one should be admitted to hold a commission, either in peace or war—he allowed persons of all descriptions to enter the army as officers, when there was any occasion for their services, and, after the necessity had ceased, dismissed those whose nobility appeared questionable. Thus, nothing could be more terrible to the brave men, who for years had led his troops to victory, or shared in their distresses, than the return of peace. After sacrificing their prospects in life, their best years, their health, with their ease, to the most painful service, and sought, through toils, and wounds, and misery, the provision which a certain rank in the profession affords, they were liable, at a moment's warning, to be turned ignominiously out of the army, whose fortunes they had followed, because the king either discovered, or fancied, that their family was deficient in quarters. When he pursued this pitiless system at the end of the seven years' war, only one *roturier* was left in commission; and this plan of clearing the army was so rigorously followed, that, at each review, the king examined those who had been

promoted since the last, inquired into the circumstances of their families, and unless they were either foreigners or noble, deprived them of their rank on the spot. Nor was a parentage the most respectable of any avail: even authenticated documents of their titles did not always save them. This father of his people would often return such proofs to the veterans who had bled for his crown, and saucily tell them, "*que ces papiers ne signifioient rien; qu'il savoit à quoi s'en tenir: et qu'en un mot ils n'étoient que roturiers.*"

We shall pass over the extreme jealousy with which the king treated all those in whom he was forced to confide any matters of state. Nothing, in the history of eastern manners, exceeds the rigorous confinement of the cabinet secretaries. But we shall proceed to an example of the respect which the Justinian of the north, the author of the Frederician code, paid to the persons of those entrusted with the administration of justice in his dominions. This great legislator seems never to have discovered the propriety of leaving his judges to investigate the claims of suitors, any more than he could see the advantage of committing to tradesmen and farmers the management of their private affairs. In the progress which he made round his state at the season of the reviews, he used to receive from all quarters the complaints of those who thought themselves aggrieved by the course of justice; and because he had to consider the whole of these cases, in addition to all the other branches of his employment, he concluded that he must be a more competent arbiter than they whose lives are devoted to the settlement of a part of such disputes.

In one of his excursions, a miller, a tenant of his own, complained to him that his stream was injured by a neighbouring proprietor; and the king ordered his chancellor to have the complaint investigated. The suit was brought in form, and given

against the miller. Next year, he renewed his application, and affirmed that his narrative of the facts was perfectly true; yet the court had nonsuited him. The king remitted the cause to the second tribunal, with injunctions to be careful in doing the man justice: he was, however, again cast; and once more complained bitterly to the king, who secretly sent a major of his army to examine on the spot the question upon which his two highest judicatures had decided, and to report. The gallant officer, who was also a neighbour of the miller, reported in his favour; and two other persons, commissioned in the same private manner, returned with similar answers. Frederic immediately summoned this chancellor and the three judges who had determined the cause: he received them in a passion; would not allow them to speak a word in their defence; upbraided them as unjust judges and miscreants; and wrote out with his own hand a sentence in favour of the miller, with full costs, and a kind of damages which he had never claimed. He then dismissed the chancellor from his office, with language too abusive to be repeated; and, after violently kicking the three judges in the shins, pushed them out of his closet, and sent them to prison at the fortress of Spandaw. All the other judges and ministers of justice were clearly of opinion, that the sentence against the miller was a right one, and that the case admitted of no doubt. As for the chancellor, it was universally allowed that the matter came not within his jurisdiction; and that he could not possibly have known any thing of the decision. At last a foreign journalist undertook the investigation of the business; and, being placed beyond the limits of the royal philosopher's caprice, he published a statement, which left no shadow of argument in the miller's favour. As Frederic attended to what was written abroad, and in French, Linguet's production quickly opened his eyes. Not a word was said in pub-

lic; none of those measures were adopted, by which a great mind would have rejoiced to acknowledge such errors, and offer some atonement to outraged justice. An irritable vanity alone seemed poorly to regulate the ceremony of propitiation; and he who had been mean enough to insult the persons of his judges in the blindness of anger, could scarcely be expected, after his eyes were opened, to have that pride, which makes men cease to deserve blame, by avowing, while they atone for their faults. Orders were *secretly* given to the miller's adversary, that he should not obey the sentence. With the same *secrecy*, a compensation was made to the miller himself. The three judges, after lingering many months in prison, were *quietly* liberated; the chancellor was allowed to remain in disgrace, because he had been most of all injured; and the faithful subjects of his majesty knew too well their duty, and his power, to interrupt this paltry silence by any whispers upon what had passed.

The grand error of his whole internal administration, was his intermeddling and controuling spirit. This is indeed a mistake, into which governors are always apt to fall, when they avoid the contrary, and perhaps safer, extreme of indifference to their duties. And he was not the most likely to steer a middle course, whose power had no limits; whose ideas of government were taken from the mechanical discipline of an army; and whose abilities so far exceeded the ordinary span of royal understandings, that he seemed to have some grounds for thinking himself capable of every thing, while he despised the talents of every body else. Yet must it be allowed, that if all other proofs were wanting, this one undoubted imperfection in Frederic's nature is a sufficient ground for ranking him among inferior minds, and for denying him those higher qualities of understanding, which render such faculties beneficial, as he unquestionably possessed.



A truly great genius will be the first to prescribe limits for its own exertions; to discover the sphere within which its powers must be concentrated, in order to work; beyond which their diffusion can only uselessly dazzle. But this was a knowledge, and a self-command, that Frederic never attained.— Though the ignorance and weakness which he displayed, in the excessive government of his kingdom, were thrown into the shade by his military glory, or partially covered by his cleverness and activity, they require only to be viewed apart, in order to excite as much ridicule as was ever bestowed on the emperor Joseph, whose system of administration indeed greatly resembled his neighbour's, unless that he had more leisure to show his good intentions by his blunders, and was guided by better principles in the prosecution of his never-ending plans. Like him, the Prussian ruler conceived that it was his duty to be eternally at work; to take every concern in his dominions upon his own shoulders; seldom to think men's interests safe when committed to themselves, much less to delegate to his ministers any portion of the superintending power, which must yet be every where present, and constantly on the watch. Both of these princes knew enough of detail to give them a relish for affairs, but they were always wasting their exemplary activity in marring the concerns which belonged not to their department, and extending their knowledge of other people's trades, instead of forming an acquaintance with their own. While other monarchs were making a business of pleasure, they made a pleasure of business; but, utterly ignorant how much of their professional duties resolved into a wise choice of agents, with all their industry and wit, they were only mismanaging a part of the work, and leaving the rest undone; so that their dominions would probably have gained by the difference, had their lives been squandered in the seraglio, and their affairs entrusted to

cabinets of more quiet understandings.

But though these eminent men were equally fond of planning and regulating, as they indulged their propensity under different circumstances, so their schemes were not pursued in the same manner, and have certainly been attended with different effects. Joseph was a legislator and a projector, from the restlessness of his spirit, and the want of urgent affairs to employ him. His measures were often rather useless than hurtful; and as his plans resulted from his activity and idleness, he was still vacant and restless after the steps had been taken for its execution, and generally strangled it by his impatience to witness the fruits of his wisdom: like the child who plants a bean, and plucks it up when it has scarcely sprouted, to see how it is growing. Thus many of his innovations were done away by himself, while others had no tendency to produce a change. Those which were opposed he only pushed to a certain length, and then knew how to yield after mischief had been done by the struggle; but few of them survived his own life, and these were chiefly such as somewhat anticipated the natural course of events.

Frederic, on the other hand, was not placed in easy circumstances; he was active from necessity, as much as from vanity; he was an adventurer, whose projects must be turned to some account; not an idle enthusiast, who can amuse himself with forming new schemes, after others have failed. Though, like Joseph, he could afford his designs little time to ripen, he forced something out of them by new applications of power; thus bringing to a premature birth, schemes in their own nature violent and untimely. Hence his necessities, like his rival's idle impatience, allowed his plans no chance of coming to perfection; but while Joseph destroyed the scheme of yesterday to make a new one, Frederic carried it forcibly into an imperfect execution before it

was well laid. The power of the latter being more absolute, and of a kind best adapted for enforcing minute commands, he was better able to carry his regulating and interfering system against whatever opposition it might encounter, while his superior firmness of character, and his freedom from the various checks which principle or feeling imposed upon the Austrian monarch, precluded all escape from the rigour of his administration by any other than fraudulent means. Thus, the consequences of his too much governing, of his miserable views in finance, and his constant errors in the principles of commercial legislation, are to be traced at this day through the various departments of the Prussian states.

How certainly a government is unsuccessful in trade and manufactures is proved by the success of this boasted statesman's speculations in that line, as forcibly as by the accounts which have been published of the royal works in Spain. But there are particulars in the policy of Frederic, exceeding, for absurdity and violence, whatever is to be met with in the history of Spanish economy.

When a china manufactory was to be set up at Berlin on the royal account, it was thought necessary to begin by forcing a market for the wares. Accordingly, the Jews, who cannot marry without the royal permission, were obliged to pay for their licenses by purchasing a certain quantity of the king's cups and saucers at a fixed price.

The introduction of the silk culture was a favourite scheme with Frederic; and to make silk-worms spin, and mulberry-trees grow in the Prussian sands, no expence must be spared. Vast houses and manufactories were built for such as chose to engage in the speculation; a direct premium was granted on the exportation of silk stuffs; and medals awarded to the workmen who produced above five pounds of the article in a year. But nature is very powerful, even among Prus-

sian grenadiers. In the lists of exports, we find no mention made of silk, while it forms a considerable and a regular branch of the goods imported.

The settlement of colonists in waste lands was another object of eminent attention, and proportionate expence. Foreign families were enticed and transported by the crimps whom he employed all over Europe for recruiting his forces; they received grants of land, were provided with houses, implements, and live-stock, and furnished with subsistence, till their farms became sufficiently productive to support them. Frederic called this supplying the blanks which war made in his population.

His rage for new speculations was quite ungovernable. No sooner did his emissaries inform him of any ingenious manufacturer or mechanic, in France or elsewhere, than he bribed him to settle in Berlin, by the most extravagant terms. When he found the success of the project too slow, or its gains, from the necessity of circumstances, fell short of expectation, he had only one way of getting out of the scrape: he broke his bargain with the undertaker, and generally sent him to a fortress; in the course of which transaction, it always happened that somebody interfered, under the character of a minister, a favourite, &c. to pillage both parties.

Experience never seemed to correct this propensity. It was at an advanced period of his reign that he sent orders to his ambassadors to find him a general protector, a man who might be employed wholly in fancying new schemes, and discussing those which should be submitted to him. Such a one was accordingly procured, and tempted, by large bribes, to settle at Potsdam.

Frederic's grand instrument in political economy was monopoly. Was an art to be encouraged, or a public taste modified, or a revenue gleaned, or the balance of trade adjusted? A monopoly was the expedient. Thus the exclusive



privilege was granted to one family, of supplying Berlin and Potsdam with firewood; the price was instantly doubled; and the king received no more than eight thousand a year of the profits. Well did the celebrated Helvetius remark of some applications for such contracts, on which the king demanded his sentiments, "sire, you need not trouble yourself with reading them; they all speak the same language.—*We beseech your majesty to grant us leave to rob your people of such a sum; in consideration of which, we engage to pay you a certain share of the booty*'

Frederic took it into his head that his subjects drank too much coffee in proportion to their means, and ate too little nourishing food. The grand specific was applied; and the supply of all the coffee used in his dominions given to a company. The price was thus, as he had wished, greatly raised, and some of the spoil shared with his treasury; but the taste of the people remained as determined in favour of coffee as before; and, of course, was much more detrimental to their living.

Tobacco, in like manner, he subjected to a strict monopoly; and when he wished to have arms furnished very cheap to his troops, he had again recourse to this expedient:—he conferred upon the house of Daum and Splikberg, armourers, the exclusive privilege of refining sugar, on condition that they should sell him muskets and caps at a very low price. In all his fiscal policy he was an anxious observer of the balance of trade, and never failed to cast a pensive eye upon the tables of exports and imports. Every year did he calculate with extreme attention the sums which came into his states, and those which went out; and he saw, with uneasiness, that the balance was not so favourable as it ought to be. After all his monopolies and premiums, he found, it seems, that the exports of his kingdom could not be augmented.—Therefore, he had only one resource

left,—to diminish the importation, which he accordingly attempted, by new monopolies and prohibitions.

The history of the Prussian monarchy is that of an empire scraped together by industry, and fraud, and violence, from neighbouring states. By barter, and conquest, and imposture, its manifold districts have been gradually brought under one dynasty: not a patch of the motley mass but recalls the venality or weakness of the surrounding powers, and the unprincipled usurpations of the house of Brandenburg. But it was Frederic II whose strides so far surpassed those of his ancestors, as raised his family to the rank of a primary power; enabled him to baffle the coalition which his ambition had raised against him; and to form, himself, a new conspiracy for the destruction of whatever principles had been held most sacred by the potentates of modern times.

We may rail at jacobinism, and the French revolution; impute to the timidity of the other powers the insolent dominion of France; and exhaust our effeminate license of tongue upon the chief, who, by wielding her destinies, is master of half the world. Europe is now suffering for the partition of Poland. Then it was that public principles were torn up and scattered before the usurpers of the day;—then it was that England and France poorly refused to suspend their mutual animosities, and associate in support of right, when other states, forgetting greater jealousies, were combined to violate the law;—then it was that power became the measure of duty; that ambition learned all the lessons which it has since been practising, of *arrondissements*, and equivalents, and indemnities; that an assurance of impunity and success were held out to those who might afterwards abandon all principles, provided they were content with a share of the plunder.

The trick which he employed for drawing an army round the frontiers, on that occasion, is well known. It

took so well, that the citizens of Berlin prepared themselves against the plague, as if it had been at their gates. Prince Henry highly disapproved of the second partition, on motives of policy; and, indeed, the reasons which suggested themselves to him will probably, ere long, be felt by his nephew. But this is the punishment due to the power which hatched that wickedness; and if, which is most likely, Frederic William had no choice in the last acts of it, this should have been foreseen by him who began it.

One fact evinces the extreme want of principle that marked this prince's conduct to foreign states. In the instructions, written with his own hand, for his favourite academy of nobles and officers, he tells the professor of public law, "*Toutefois il avertira la jeunesse que ce droit public, manquant de puissance corrective pour le faire observer, n'est qu'un vain fantôme que les souverains étalent dans leurs manifestes, lors même qu'ils le violent.*" In this maxim is indeed comprised the *practice* of all governments; but no nation has had the impudence to avow it.

Upon the whole, we turn from a view of this famous personage, impressed with no veneration for his character, either as a member of society, a ruler of the people, or a part of the European community. That he possessed the talents of an accomplished warrior, and an elegant wit, it would be absurd either to deny or to demonstrate. He has left us, in his victories and his writings, the best proofs; and his conversation surpassed his more careful efforts. His administration was singularly marked by promptitude and energy. Wherever exertion was required, or could secure success, he was likely to prevail; and as he was in all things a master of those abilities, which constitute what we denominate address, it is not wonderful that he was uniformly fortunate in the cabinets of his neighbours. The encouragements which he lavished on learned men were

useful, though not always skilfully bestowed; and in this, as in all the departments of his government, we see him constantly working mischief by working too much. His academy was no less under command than the best disciplined regiment in his service; and did not refuse to acknowledge his authority on matters of opinion or taste. His own literary acquirements were limited to the *belles lettres*, and moral science; even, of these, he was far from being completely master. His practice, as an administrator, is inconsistent with an extensive or sound political knowledge; and his acquaintance with the classics was derived from French translations: he knew very little Latin, and no Greek. To his sprightliness in society, and his love of literary company, so rare in princes, he owes the reputation of a philosopher; and to the success of his intrigues and his arms, the appellation of great: a title which is the less honourable, that mankind have generally agreed to bestow it upon those to whom gratitude was least of all due.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

ON THE CLASSICAL KNOWLEDGE  
OF POPE.

JOHNSON, in his life of Pope, observes, that "to those who censured his politics were added enemies yet more dangerous, who called in question his knowledge of Greek, and his qualifications for a translator of Homer. To these he made no public opposition, but in one of his letters escapes from them as well as he can. At an age like his, for he was not more than twenty-five, with an irregular education, and a course of life of which much seems to have passed in conversation, it is not very likely that he overflowed with Greek. But when he felt himself deficient he sought assistance; and what man of learning would refuse to help him?"



Pope's acute biographer presently adds, "he had the French Homers of La Valterie and Dacier, and the English of Chapman, Hobbs, and Ogylby. With Chapman he had very frequent consultations, and perhaps never translated any passage till he had read his version, which, indeed, he has been sometimes suspected of using instead of the original."

Johnson has also preserved a letter from Pope to a literary friend, in which the translator confesses his "own imperfectness in the language" of Homer, and acknowledges the deference he paid to that sense of the original given him by Hobbs and Chapman.

Upon such high authority were doubts entertained as to that classical knowledge, which some of Pope's admirers had so boldly claimed for him. But Mr. Gilbert Wakefield, in his edition of Pope's Homer, institutes a more critical inquiry into this subject than could be fairly demanded in a general biography of English poets, and he expresses the result of this investigation with no small confidence in the conclusions to which it had conducted him.

"It is my persuasion then," says he, "that our poet, far from apprehending with suitable promptitude the original language of the author, whom he undertook to exhibit in an English dress, was not so familiarly acquainted even with the Latin tongue, as to form an instantaneous conception of a passage by reading Homer in the Latin interpretation of him, that accompanies the school editions: by which expressions I understand such a ready conception of a sentence, as would enable a reader to give an adequate translation of it, with a fidelity that superseded a repeated and laborious perusal; a perusal altogether incompatible, it is evident, with a timely execution of so long a work. In proof of this assertion, I can decidedly pronounce, after an experimental examination of his whole performance, that he appears uniformly to have collected the general

purport of every passage from some of his predecessors, Dryden, Dacier, Chapman, or Ogylby: a process not to be supposed for a moment invariably pursued by any man, capable of forming a distinct, and, generally speaking, a true delineation of his author from the verbal metaphor of a Latin version. The truth of this declaration will admit of no controversy, after a practical examination shall be instituted by a specific comparison of our poet's version with those of the translators here mentioned: a truth sufficiently corroborated by our ability to refer all his misrepresentations, which are frequent, and, in many cases, singular and gross, with all his alterations and additions, which are innumerable, to one or other of his predecessors, except in very few instances, which analogy will set to the account of my incompetency, from reading not sufficiently extensive, and imperfect information, to trace all his authorities and assistances, rather than ascribe this failure to a fundamental error in my supposition. But the notes, I presume, which I have interspersed through the course of the poems, will ascertain this determination beyond all possibility of contradiction." *Wakefield's Pope's Homer.*

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

REMARKS ON SOUTHEY'S MADOC.

SOUTHEY has some talents for poetry, and more learning and industry than commonly fall to those who serve the muses. But he has unfortunately great ambition, and great facility; and these qualities, so often the chief means of success, seem, in this case, to have counteracted it.

His *ambition* is not of that regular and manageable kind which usually grows up in old established commonwealths, either political or literary; which aspires at distinction through a just gradation of ho-

nours, and, with due veneration for those who have previously attained the heights of fame, ventures by degrees to tread in their steps, and to emulate or surpass their achievements. Southey, on the contrary, affects to follow no predecessor, and to acknowledge the supremacy of no tribunal. He looks with jealous and contemptuous eyes on the old aristocracy of the literary world, and denies the jurisdiction of its kings and elders.

Though our poet has no where ventured directly to express this treason against his poetical sovereigns, yet his disaffection is sufficiently proved by his whole behaviour:—he honours his great predecessors neither in word nor deed; and not only withholds from them that tribute of applause to which they are legally entitled, but sedulously avoids all imitation of their manner; and refuses, on all occasions, to be swayed by their example. He will neither wear their livery, nor submit to their commands; and though he does not say any thing openly in their disparagement, he evidently treats their authority with contempt, and betrays a strong desire of seducing his readers from their allegiance, by silently setting up a new object of veneration, which resembles them in none of its lineaments. But if we must renounce our faith in the old oracles of poetical wisdom before we can be imbued with the wisdom of her new apostles; if we must abjure all our classical prejudices, and cease to admire Virgil, and Pope, and Racine, before we can relish the beauties of Southey, it is easy to perceive that Southey's beauties are in some hazard of being neglected: true policy would have allied him to a party so respectably established, rather than have set him up in opposition to it.

In matters of taste, as in that of morality, there are no discoveries to be made. The end of poetry is to please; and men cannot be mistaken as to what has actually given them pleasure. Casual and absurd asso-

ciations may, indeed, impose upon them for a season, and lead them to ascribe to the genius of the poet, an emotion which was really excited by the circumstances in which they read him: but this allusion cannot last long; and the pleasure he continues to give under every change of circumstances, the feelings which he awakens in every class of his readers, and continues to awaken, in every successive generation, can only be ascribed to his intrinsic merit. Of this merit, indeed, these effects afford the sole and ultimate criterion.

It is indeed the nature of man to run into extremes; to have a blind veneration for antiquity; to praise or condemn in submission to example and authority. Thus Homer's verses, and Aristotle's apothegms were, for many ages, received as sacred and oracular; the abominable filth and sordid ribaldry of Swift continue to issue from the press with all the gorgeous ornaments of modern typography; and "Titus Andronicus" and "Love's Labour lost," still occupy the favourite shelf, and the splendid cabinet. But this excess of esteem is only culpable as excess. Homer, Aristotle, Swift, and Shakespeare would not have obtained the idolatry of some, if they had not deserved the sober approbation of all.

The ancient and uninterrupted possession of the great inheritors of fame, and poetical reputation, must be deemed therefore clear evidence of their right, and renders it the duty of every new claimant to contend with them as lawful competitors, instead of seeking to supplant them as usurpers. Nevertheless, though they may retain what they possess, they cannot prevent the farther accumulation of their successors; new sources of poetical beauty may be found, which may lower the value of the old. Untrodden regions may still be explored in that vast domain, sufficiently splendid and fertile to become the seat of a new and legitimate empire. There is, however, little hope of such discoveries; the elements of poetical



products are necessarily obvious and universal; they are within and about all men; and the topics by which they are suggested have been the same in every age, and every country. Poetical, like moral excellence, is essentially the same every where; and while its perfection never fails to call forth the warmest admiration, it is recognized by all as the assemblage of those known qualities in which excellence had been universally held to consist. We look with compassion or contempt on a man who pretends to have discovered a new way to be good; who, in pursuit of supreme moral excellence, affects to put no value on the vulgar elements of justice, generosity, or benevolence, but rests his pretensions on some peculiar moralities of his own invention, such as ordering his servants never to deny him, educating boys without the use of birch, or opening an hospital for decayed post-horses.

This ambition of singularity is, in many particulars, the passion of Southey and some of his associates. They think nothing worth trying, in which others have already succeeded; they claim no merit allowed to their predecessors; and as most of the natural beauties of thought and language have been defiled by previous use, they betake themselves to a series of strange affectations, which, if not wholly unexampled, were never seen before combined with so much genius. Of these the most remarkable are, an affectation of infantine innocence and simplicity, of excessive refinement and preternatural enthusiasm, and of a certain perverse singularity in learning, taste, and opinions.—These affectations proceed from an ill-regulated ambition; and Southey, among others, would write incomparably better, if he had a little more respect for those who have written before him with universal applause.

This passion for novelty would not have been so mischievous, if our poet had not been gifted with unusual fluency of style and facility of

versification. Had he written with more difficulty, he would have been forced to dwell longer on the thoughts and terms which occurred to him; and as each of them, in proportion to the labour it cost him, would have acquired importance in his eyes, he would have perfected and finished it more carefully, and endeavoured to compress his images within more reasonable limits. In this way, the composition would have acquired more brilliancy and compactness; and instead of that endless redundancy, by which his style is now chiefly distinguished, we might have had something nervous and concise, and suitable to the dignity of his subject, and the weight and value of many of his sentiments. An unlucky facility in rhyming has betrayed many poets into inexcusable negligence. The great ease of that loose and colloquial blank verse, in which Mr. Southey composes, will one day be his ruin. It leads him on insensibly from line to line, and from page to page, without let or obstruction, and carries him smoothly through every sort of illustration that occurs to him, without once admonishing him of the necessity of excluding much, in order to give solidity and value to what remains. As he has always plenty of good words, he never pauses to look for exquisite ones; and, rendered confident by his fluency, he sets down the first view that presents itself, without waiting to inquire whether it be the best. If the thought does not come out quite strong enough in the first six lines, he adds other ten, or twenty, or fifty, and goes on, accumulating circumstances, till he has put in every thing that occurs to him on the subject. All his pictures, accordingly, are finished in too *broad* a style, and on a scale far too large for the variety and importance of the object. There is a faintness and feebleness in the colouring, resulting from the excessive dilatation of the landscape; and the effect is weakened by the distance at which the groups are placed from each other. If he were to write in the measure

of Dryden or Pope, he would be soon struck with his own exuberance and prolixity.

This poem contains many good passages, and bears testimony to the genius and morals of the author. But it is too long. Were it faultless in other respects, its excessive length, a want of interest in the story, and a considerable failure in portraying characters, must render it tedious to ordinary readers.

The subject is the discovery of America by the Welch, in the 12th century, to which the poet transfers all the incidents and adventures of the subsequent expedition of Columbus. To prevent us from confounding his heroes with Spaniards, or from mistaking his work for a mere versification of Robertson's history, the author, besides changing the names, has prefixed a long story of the family feuds and personal adventures of Madoc, before he abandons his native country; and thus the poem comes forth in two parts, one being entitled "Madoc in Wales," and the other "Madoc in Aztlan."

Madoc, though himself the most accomplished of poetical heroes, comes of no very honourable breed. His father Owen, king of Gwyneth, or North Wales, after depriving of sight a nephew confided to his care, spent his time in fighting the English, and breeding up his legitimate and illegitimate children in great jealousy and dislike of each other. On his death, accordingly, they all go together by the ears. The eldest, who had a blemish in his face, and seems to have been a very soft-tempered youth, is set aside without a struggle, and the throne is usurped by Hoel, a prince of great accomplishments, but a bastard, and a little too fond of fighting and conquering. He is resisted by his brother David, who slays him in battle, and assumes the sovereignty, to the terror and affliction of his surviving brethren. Madoc, who seems to have been feasting and visiting among his friends in the height of these dissensions, sets off post, as

soon as he hears of Hoel's usurpation, to mediate between his brothers, but arrives not till the day after the battle, when he buries the dead, and, not caring to appear before the victor, seeks shelter in the cottage of the cousin whom his father had deprived of sight. Here he contracts an intimacy with a son of the old gentleman; and, walking out with him one fine evening to the beach, they are both struck with the *natural and obvious thought* of following the setting sun into another region, and forthwith determine to undertake a voyage of discovery to the west. How the prince settles matters with his brothers, we are not informed; but he takes his departure, in very good style, with two ships well manned and furnished at all points.

His voyage is the very prototype of that of Columbus. His men mutiny from terror and impatience, and he urges them on with promises and threats. A storm drives them forward, against their will, and he reaches the coast at length, and gains the confidence of one of the natives, by whom he is guided to an inland settlement, and received with great honour by a queen and her people. He then engages to deliver this tribe from a bloody tribute imposed upon them by their conquerors; and, after defeating the king of Aztlan and his people, enters into an alliance with him, and establishes his colony in good order in a snug valley.

He then takes ship and sets out for Wales again, to recruit for his new settlement; and finding his way back with marvellous accuracy, without card or compass, lands at the palace stairs of Aberfraw, just in time to assist at the marriage feast of his brother David. This gracious sovereign, he finds, has employed himself, during his absence, in massacring another of his brethren, and hunting down the remainder, one of whom he keeps in chains, and has set a price upon the head of another. He has also concluded a peace with England, and



married a daughter of the Saxon monarch. Madoc, a little out of humour at all these irregularities, behaves at first a little rudely to the bride, and chides his majesty a little too freely. A few cups of mead, however, soon drown all differences; he becomes quite social, and tells the whole history of his voyage, and his exploits among the Hoamen and Aztecas.

After this, he seems to go about feasting and carousing with his old friends, in different parts of the country; and the whole remainder of the first part, or "Madoc in Wales," consists of the miscellaneous incidents which befall him in his visits. No one of these has any connexion with another, or helps forward the main story; they are introduced for the purpose of displaying the poet's powers of description, or his intimate acquaintance with Cambrian antiquity. Thus he goes across the country to visit Cyveilioc, a hospitable old gentleman of his acquaintance, whom he finds harping to a large party at table; and this gives Mr. Southey an opportunity to introduce an imitation of an old Welch drinking song. The prince is then carried by his host to assist at a solemn meeting of bards, on the top of a neighbouring hill; and Mr. Southey has again scope for antiquarian and poetical discussion. He then happens to call at the castle of lord Rhys, which enables his historian to introduce a silly anecdote, faithfully detailed, it seems, from some ancient chronicle, about Goagan of Powys-land, who gets a horse and three suits of clothes from the liberal chieftain. After this, he takes a trip to the island of Bardsey to say his prayers; on which occasion we are treated with a description of the cathedral service. In his way home from this autumnal tour, Madoc goes a little out of his road to take a peep at the cottage in which he had taken shelter after David's victory, and finds it occupied by a handsome woman and a fine boy, whom he luckily discovers to be the mistress and child

of his unfortunate brother Hoel, and to whom he offers an asylum in his American kingdom, which is joyfully accepted. As he is journeying slowly home with his newly discovered relations, he finds a Saxon bishop in the very act of excommunicating his friend Cyveilioc, for having refused to take part in a crusade which the worthy prelate had thought proper to patronize. A mighty squabble ensues; and Madoc, having discovered that the zealous priest intended that very night to dig up the bones of old king Owen, and remove them to a less sanctified repository, hides himself in the church, and, bursting in upon the monks in the midst of their sacrilegious labour, fairly bullies them out of their design, takes up the bones himself, and packing them with a large quantity of fine linen in a box, sends them aboard ship, to take their passage along with him to America. On his return to Aberfraw, he has again some warm expostulations with David. Meantime, the emigrants flock to him in great numbers, and, among the rest, a damsel in the disguise of a boy; and at length the six ships being fully victualled and manned, the whole party, with abundance of prayers and tears, take an eternal farewell of their native land, and set sail with a favourable breeze for America.

This concludes the first part, which, except in the story told by Madoc on his arrival, has no more reference to the discovery of America, than to that of Formosa; and is, indeed, so disconnected with the trans-atlantic exploits of the hero, that Southey has found it necessary to distinguish it by a separate title. The second part conducts Madoc in safety to his colony, with the busy prosperity of which he is not a little delighted, till he learns that the priests of Aztlan, being grievously offended at the remission of human sacrifices required of them by the conqueror, had been exerting themselves, in his absence, to excite dislike and suspicion of the stran-

gers in their king's mind, and had succeeded in their efforts. Even the subjects of the friendly queen had been alienated by the arts of their holy men, who complained that their god was thirsty for blood, and could not submit to be famished any longer. Madoc sets himself valiantly against these symptoms of rebellion; and, when he arrives to remonstrate with his allies, is assailed by the chief priest and the god himself, who makes his appearance in the form of an enormous snake. The British warrior, however, cuts down the priest with his cutlass, and chases the god into his den with a burning stick. He then pelts the poor deity to death with large stones; and, after roasting him before the faces of his affrighted worshippers, he converts them all to christianity, by an authoritative sermon of fifty verses, and baptizes them forthwith in the river.

This proceeding gives no small offence, as may be imagined, to the holy brotherhood of Aztlan, who send two of their chosen warriors to try to catch one of the strangers for a sacrifice to their offended deity. By the greatest piece of good luck, these savages pick up Madoc's nephew, the infant son of Hoel, and scamper off with him before the face of his uncle, who is superintending the workmen employed in enlarging his new city. The prince thoughtlessly runs after them; but they keep the start, and decoy him across the mountain, to a place where an ambush of their countrymen had been stationed. Poor Madoc falls unarmed into their hands, and is carried in bonds to their city, in the rear of little Hoel. The child is shut up in a cavern, to die of hunger, in honour of some water god; and the prince, after being sentenced to the altar, is tied to a stake, and obliged to maintain a combat with the choice warriors of the city. By strength and dexterity, he discomfits and slays his first antagonist; and is engaged in dire hostility with the second, when tidings are received, that the Welch-

men are in full march to the city to rescue their leader, and that all the warriors must turn out to oppose them. Instead of dispatching Madoc by the hands of the priests, they content themselves with tying him neck and heels, and laying him up behind the altar, where he is discovered by a tender-hearted priestess, who cuts his cords asunder, and restores him to liberty. The same compassionate damsel also contrives to deliver young Hoel out of his dungeon, and sends him home, under Madoc's charge, to his mother.

The partizans of the snake god, seeing all the men of the new settlement engaged in battle at Aztlan, think this a good opportunity to carry off the women; and descend into the valley with this gallant and laudable intention. The ladies, however, are exceedingly valiant in defence of their honour; and, after hamstringing the chief, and mortally wounding him, repulse the invaders, and remain conquerors in their mansions. Madoc, on his return, finds dead bodies strewed all over the valley, and expresses his approbation and surprise at the prowess of his sister and her amazons. He then arms himself, and returns to the battle, where, after an obstinate contest, his followers at length drive their enemies before them, and take possession of the city of Aztlan.

The vanquished retreat to Patamba, another city on the opposite side of the lake, from which, after a certain interval, they prepare to invade the strangers with a vast fleet of canoes. Madoc, however, in the mean time, had taken care to get twelve of his brigantines taken to pieces, and brought overland to his new metropolis. They are put together again in the lake, and, with the help of a stiff breeze, run down and demolish the whole small craft of the natives, who are scattered upon the water like leaves in the pools of autumn. Notwithstanding all these reverses of fortune, the bigotry of the priests, and the savage valour of the warriors, disdain



all composition with the victor ; and they are preparing for another attack by land, when, on the eve of one of their great festivals, a neighbouring mountain suddenly blazes out into a volcano ; vast deluges of lava desolate the country ; and a mighty earthquake heaves up the waters of the lake, and sweeps away Patamba, with nine-tenths of its inhabitants. Madoc generously employs his galleys to save the drowning remnants of his opponents, and even offers the king, who was among the survivors, a temporary asylum in his ancient palace of Aztlan. The high-minded monarch, however, cannot be brought to accept it ; he prefers the advice of a certain bird in his mountain retreat, which he fancies calls upon him to depart. In obedience to this respectable counsellor, he assembles the wreck of his people, and declares his resolution to migrate to a distant region with such of his followers as may be inclined to adhere to him, Madoc being willing to grant protection and assistance to such as may choose to remain. The young and the valiant, all but one, who prefers killing himself, follow their sovereign to the westward, where they found the kingdom of Mexico ; but the pacific part of the tribe remain with Madoc, who incorporates them with his own people, and thus becomes the founder of a mighty dynasty.

Such, with a few episodes, is the story of Madoc, a poem, in two parts, and thirty-five sections, which disdains the "degraded title of epic," and pretends not to be "constructed according to the rules of Aristotle !"

The faults of the fable and characters are many and obvious. The adventures of Madoc in Wales have little interest or coherence in themselves, and bear no relation to his exploits among the savages. The European story is not only quite unconnected with the American one, but is unfinished and imperfect. After attempting to interest us, for eighteen sections, in the fortunes of

Owen's children, Southey snatches us away from them, just as their destiny approaches a crisis : one of the captive brethren has newly broken out of David's dungeon, and a picturesque personage of a nephew, who walks upon the moonlight beach, with a boat on his back, and an oar in his hand, has vowed to drive him from the throne of his fathers. The Saxon princess too seems very much in humour for elopement, and the bishop in no small danger of lapidation. It is rather injudicious in the author, after having compelled us to study the complicated politics of this unhappy family, to drop the curtain upon them, at the very time when their story begins to be interesting and intelligible.

There is scarcely any discrimination of character in all this part of the poem ; every one we hear of is a warlike chief, more or less generous or ferocious ; and the incidents, being all confined to high life, have in them so little to characterize a race of Celtic mountaineers, that, were it not for the occasional introduction of harps and bards, and names full of *y*'s and *w*'s, we should be apt to forget that the scene was laid in the recesses of North Wales, and to suspect that the author had versified the history of the heptarchy, or a few chapters of the wars of York and Lancaster, as a prelude to his legend of the discovery of America. Madoc himself has the vulgar and inexpressible fault of poetical heroes, that of being too perfect ; he is more pious than the pious Æneas himself, and considerably more correct in his deportment to the ladies. He seems to be quite invulnerable indeed to the shafts of Cupid ; and testifies no sort of amorous propensities either towards the ruddy damsels of Wales or the olive princesses of America. In short, he is as sober, prudent, resolute, able-bodied, and fortunate a person, as any poet could wish to have the management of : he sets about all his undertakings like a man who knows perfectly that he

can accomplish them, and never fails to get through them, without much discomposure to himself or the reader. There is a bastard cousin of his named Cadwallon, of whom we had some hope that he might redeem this monotony of Cimblic valour; but, though he begins with some indications of a peremptory character, he very soon falls into the ranks of his countrymen, and sinks into the faithful Achates of his leader. The American personages are somewhat more varied and discriminated, though there is scarcely any attempt at the delineation of individual character; that ideal portrait painting, which gives so strong an impression of reality. The pictures are almost all marked only with the general attributes of the class, not with the peculiar features of the individual; there are gloomy bigots, and ferocious warriors, and patriotic sovereigns, and grateful adherents, arrayed, skilfully enough, in the *costume* of their country, but not introduced as real persons to our imagination.

Southey's radical blunder consists in ascribing to a Welch chieftain, of the 12th century, the discoveries and exploits of the Spaniards 300 years after. He confesses fairly that all the scenery and manners, and almost all the incidents of his second part, are borrowed from the adventures of Columbus and Cortes; and with such minute fidelity, indeed, are they copied, that in many instances, the most careless reader must be struck with the improbability of the tale. The hero, by being a Welchman, has forfeited his claim to many of those accomplishments and successes which could not have been denied him as a Spaniard.

The freak of undertaking a voyage of discovery, in the first place, is most unnaturally put into the brain of a young Celtic chieftain, whose whole time had been spent in family feuds and warfare with the Saxons. The accomplishment of such a voyage, without the compass, is another glaring improbability, easily

avoided, by following the guidance of authentic history; and the firm persuasion of success and heroic perseverance, natural enough in a learned pilot and practised navigator, are transferred, with little judgment, to a fiery warrior, who had never been out of sight of land before in his life. The incongruities thicken, however, when the poet proceeds to make Madoc achieve all the exploits of Cortes in battle against the natives. He *might* have traversed the Atlantic without compass; but he could not possibly subdue millions of valiant savages without guns or horses. The spearmen of Gwyneth and the bowyers of Dehewbarth, are poor substitutes for the cavalry and musketeers of Cortes; and no advantage of iron helmets and polished swords can reconcile the imagination to the constant success of a handful of men against myriads of armed antagonists as vigorous and fearless as themselves. The Spaniards themselves were indebted not so much to their fire-arms and horses, as to the superstitious terror and astonishment, which the sight of those formidable engines produced on the minds of the natives. The warriors of Aztlan, however, could feel no awe at the sight of men, who pushed with spears and warded with bucklers like their own, with whom they had an opportunity in every contest to measure their strength and agility, and the satisfaction of finding it equal. By preferring Madoc to Cortes, therefore, the poet has not only missed that interest which an air of authenticity always lends even to a poetical narrative, but has raised the marvellous to a height by which the most careless reason must be shocked; and converted what might have been admiration, into contemptuous incredulity.

Besides the gross improbabilities resulting from dressing the Welch adventurer in the trophies of the Spaniard, there are several other fictions, which exceed the just limits of "pleasing wonder." The conversion of the Hoamen, with the



chief pontiff, and all his priesthood to christianity, by a few imperious averments, unvouched by miracles, or any kind of evidence, is absurd in itself, and seems particularly incongruous with the mild and reasonable character of the warlike apostle, who concludes his sermon, by assuring his hearers, that if any of them hesitated to believe all he had said, he should instantly be "cut off from among the people." The catastrophe, brought about by the occurrence of an earthquake and volcanic eruption, at the critical moment of a solemn festival and projected invasion, is equally puerile and extravagant. Southey, however, has one merit, that of employing no preternatural agency in the explication of the different parts of his design. Machinery is at all times a blemish in a poem which aims at probability. It ought particularly to be excluded from a work which treats of events within the limits of authentic history.

It is not however on the general plan and conduct of the story that the merit or fortune of a poem will usually depend. If it contain many beautiful and pathetic passages, it cannot fail to please, though they should not be very skilfully connected; and if the materials be ordinary or disagreeable, no artifice of collocation can rescue the compound from oblivion.

The poetry of Southey is in many places characterised by an affectation of infantine simplicity and antique homeliness, in which some persons are said to find wonderful refreshment and delight. To such readers many passages in this poem will afford the greatest satisfaction; but the taste is not yet general, nor perhaps will the number of its votaries be ever augmented.

Akin to that affectation of babyish gentleness, of which every page of this poem affords specimens, is the frequent introduction of low, antiquated, and vulgar words, upon serious occasions. *Belike*, for instance, is a prodigious favourite; insomuch that it occurs more than fifty times.

Nay, such is his partiality to it, that he even advances it, on some occasions, out of its proper rank of an adverb, into the place of an adjective, as "*our food belike to fail*." In the same taste he says of a speech which Madoc addressed to the king of Atzlan, that "*he let it work*." The arms of a deceased chieftain are elegantly called his "*death-doers*." The spokesman of the priests is termed "*their mouth-piece*;" and another, who had been fasting in a wood, is said to be

"Emaciate like some bare anatomy."

Instead of saying our inferior numbers, Southey chuses to make a warrior express his fear that the multitude of the savages may

"Dwindle our *all-too-few*."

In another place, a voice is heard suddenly in the temple,

—— "and crash with that  
The image fell!"

Finally, we are told of a warrior, whose sword,

—— "slivering downward,  
Left the *cheek-flap* dangling."

And of another, who

—— "donned  
A gipion, quilted close of gossampine."

Besides these combinations of simple terms, there are many single words, which Southey has lent, from the storehouse of his own invention, to the exhausted treasury of the English language. It is a common practice with him to compare the adverb as if it were an adjective; thus we have "*fitlier*," "*fiercelier*," and "*distinctlier*;" to which may be added, perhaps, though an innovation of a different kind, "*booner*," and "*beautifullest*." In the same taste, we have "*in very deed*," and "*in very heaven*;" and hear of an "*acquainted sword*," the "*foining*"

of a serpent, and the "*frush*" of rocks. The most objectionable of all these, however, are the affected appellations by which the Deity is generally designated. He is called "The Great For-Ever-One; The For-Ever-One; The Every-Where; The For-Ever; The Beloved One;" and a great variety of familiar and mystical names, of a similar import and construction.

The next great characteristic of Southey's poetry, after its infantine simplicity, is the energy, wildness, enthusiasm, and singularity of the conceptions with which the author has laboured to enliven it. In pursuit of this obscure idea of elevation and originality, he has often wandered into the regions of bombast and obscurity.

From some persuasion of their magnificence, or from his great partiality to authentic history, Southey has borrowed from ancient chronicles many silly anecdotes and barbarous names of Welch kings and chieftains. When Madoc is feasting with Rhys, a messenger arrives from the king, who is introduced, and delivers himself as follows:

Now the messenger  
Entered the hall; Goagan of Powys-  
land,  
He of Caer-Einion was it, who was  
charged  
From Gwyneth to Deheubarth; a  
brave man,  
Of copious speech. He told the royal  
son  
Of Gryffidd, the descendant of the  
line  
Of Rhys-ab-Tudyr-mawr, that he  
came there  
From David, son of Owen, of the  
stock  
Of kingly Cynan. I am sent, said he,  
With friendly greeting; and as I re-  
ceive  
Welcome and honour, so, in David's  
name,  
Am I to thank the lord of Dinevawr.

Now, the whole business of this eloquent and high-born personage is to ask a horse, and a suit of clothes, and ten marks from the lord Rhys;

which having received, Goagan of Powys-land takes his departure, and molests prince Madoc and the reader no more.

Southey goes professedly out of his way, to relate this delectable anecdote; and, in the same spirit, allows his hero to ride alone by the shore, while he pauses to inform the reader, that

— many a prince,  
Warned by the visitation, sought and  
gained  
A saintly crown, Tyneio, Merini,  
Boda and Brenda and Aelgyvarch,  
Gwynon and Celynin and Gwynodyl.

The last great fault of this poet is diffuseness and prolixity. He is always incumbered with the superfluity of his language; he is never succinct for speed, nor divested for exertion; his drapery is always trailing in great folds upon the ground; and, though in a fine attitude, or when the wind waves it aloft, there is sometimes gracefulness and majesty in the redundancy, yet it more frequently entangles his steps, and retards his progress, and often drags behind in unseemly and unprofitable volumes. The nature of this defect renders it difficult to exemplify it by quotation: but the reader may turn to the squabble with the Saxon prelate; the conference with the Pabas; Cadwallon's whole narrative; the lake fight, the whole adventure with the snake god, and a considerable part of the battles and religious ceremonies at Aztlan.

There are occasional instances of negligence in the structure of the verse, for which the easiness of the measure, and Southey's indisputable facility, leave him without excuse. Such lines as "When the bowyers of Deheubarth plied so well," or "And caught the hem of her garment and exclaimed," are inexcusable. I must protest also against the unnecessary profusion of inefable names with which he has defaced his poem. Boileau, was not quite right, when he said that



— un seul nom barbare

Rend un poeme entier ou ridicule ou bizarre.

But how will common readers manage such words as *Caonocotzin*, *Tezcalihoca*, *Coatlantana*, *Tezozomoc*, *Yuhidthiton*, *Nahuaztin*, &c. in every page. After all, the poet assures us that he has been very merciful in this respect, since he had good authority for filling his page with a succession of such immeasurable appellatives as *Tacotchealcadlyacapan*.

After this enumeration of blemishes, it should seem but candid to make out an equally industrious catalogue of merits and beauties; but this must be left to the perseverance of that reader whose taste, better or worse than mine, may find in its blemishes no insuperable impediment to such an undertaking.

Z.

For the Literary Magazine.

#### ADVANTAGES OF METAPHYSICAL STUDIES.

MANY persons there are, who have conceived a prejudice against the metaphysical sciences, because they erroneously imagine that it indisposes the mind towards other pursuits more agreeable to popular taste. The examples of several celebrated men contradict this opinion, from the time when

*Omnis Aristippum decuit color et status,  
et res,*

to the last century, when the taste and knowledge of Berkeley surprised the artists of Italy; the accomplishments of the young Helvetius were admired in the circles of Paris; and the grave and the gay, the sage and the youth, could take delight in the conversation of subtle Hume. *I am the person whom you wish to see,*

said Plato to his foreign guests, who desired their agreeable host to introduce them to his grave namesake the philosopher. Why should it be imagined, that the mind grows severe as it becomes enlightened, or that the knowledge of man unfits us for the society of mankind?

One is, indeed, surprised at the strange notions which men, who are quite ignorant of its nature, have formed of this branch of philosophy. There are some who seriously believe that this science serves only to darken and bewilder the understanding; while others suppose that it consists in the babbling of a pedantic jargon, which constituted the barbarous language of the scholastic learning. If a perplexed reasoner puzzle himself and his audience, we are almost always sure to hear his metaphysical subtlety reproved or lamented; and he, upon his part, seldom fails to ascribe the confusion of his ideas to the obscure nature of all speculative doctrines. If a pert rhetorician becomes entangled in his own sophistries, he is ever ready to accuse himself of having too much of the very logic which he wants. There is not a mere *tyro* in literature, who has blundered round the meaning of a chapter in Plato, but is content to mistake himself for a philosopher. A sciolist cannot set up for an atheist, without first hailing himself a metaphysician; while an ignorant dogmatist no sooner finds himself embarrassed with a doubt, than he seeks to avenge his offended vanity, by representing all metaphysical inquiries as idle or mischievous. Thus the noblest of the sciences is mistaken and vilified by the folly of some, and by the prejudices of others; by the impertinent vanity of a few, who could never understand it; and by the unjustifiable censures of many, who have never given it a fair and candid examination. He, however, who has been accustomed to meditate the principles of things, the springs of action, the foundations of political government, the sources of moral law, the nature of the pas-

sions, the influence of habit and association, the formation of character and temper, the faculties of the soul, and the philosophy of mind, will not be persuaded that these subjects have been unworthy of his patient attention, because presumptuous writers have abused the liberty of investigation, or because dull ones have found it unavailing. He knows that metaphysics do not exclude other learning; that, on the contrary, they blend themselves with all the sciences. He feels the love of truth grow strong with the search of it; he confesses the very bounded powers of the human understanding, while he contemplates the immensity of nature, and the majesty of God; but he thinks that his researches may contribute to enlarge and correct his own notions; that they may teach him how to reason with precision; and may instruct him in the knowledge of himself. His time, he believes, is seldom employed to greater advantage, than when he considers what may be the nature of his intellectual being, examines the extent of his moral duties, investigates the sources of happiness, and demonstrates the means by which it may be more generally diffused.

It is nothing to him, that his tone and his language are ill imitated by the sophist; that he is considered as a useless member of society by the heavy plodding man of business; or that he is exposed to the impotent ridicule of the gaudy coxcomb, by whom he can never be approved, because he can never be understood. What is it to him, though his name be unknown among the monopolizers, the schemers, and the projectors, that throng the crowded capital of a mercantile nation? What is it to him, though his talents be undervalued by the votaries and the victims of dissipation, folly, and fashion? What is it to him, though grandeur should have withdrawn its protection from genius; though ambition should be satisfied with power alone; and though power should only exert its efforts to preserve itself?

VOL. V. NO. XXX.

These things may not affect him: they may neither interrupt the course of his studies, nor disturb the serenity of his mind. But what must be his feelings, if he should find, that philosophy is persecuted, where science is professed to be taught? Are there not some, who seem desirous of excluding it from the plan of public education? The advantages which are to be derived from classical knowledge are well understood in one place; and a profound acquaintance with mathematics is highly estimated in another; while the study of the human mind, which is the study of human nature, and that examination of principles which is so necessary to the scrutiny of truth, are either discouraged as dangerous, or neglected as useless.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

SOME ACCOUNT OF MICHAUX'S  
TRAVELS IN THE WESTERN  
STATES.

THERE are, according to Volney, three great natural divisions of the territory of the United States of America: the first lies between the Atlantic and the Apalachian or Allegany Mountains; the second is that district which is covered by these mountains; and the third lies beyond them to the west, and now extends, by the cession of Louisiana, to the frontiers of Mexico. That portion of this vast territory, which lies between the mountains and the Mississippi, contains the newly erected states of Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee; and is commonly called the back country, or the western waters, in America. Till lately, this region has been the subject only of vague and fabulous accounts, derived from ignorant or interested landjobbers; and, even now, it is imperfectly known. This is no subject of surprise, when we consider its recent occupation, its great extent, and the uninviting aspect which it presents to travellers. Here are



no champaign districts, or elegant cities; nothing meets the eye but the dusky shades of interminable forests, where silence seems to have established her reign, and where the lonely traveller must hold his irksome way, amid perils and privations, without the hope of any brilliant discovery to reward his toils, and embellish the narrative of his adventures.

Notwithstanding all these obstacles and disadvantages, Dr. Michaux, a zealous Frenchman, was induced to undertake a journey through this remote country, principally to make observations on its vegetable products. But though natural history was his chief object, he does not confine himself to his *hortus siccus*; his observations take a wider range, and throw light upon the progress which these states have made in agriculture, commerce, and population. He treats these subjects in an unconnected and desultory manner; and the information he communicates is, in many respects, scanty and inadequate. But, as his narrative was not originally intended for publication, and as his journey was limited to a very short time, we must not blame him for deficiencies, in some measure unavoidable. M. Michaux is not one of these travellers who, when they go abroad, "go hooded," and see nothing; for he seems to have made every enquiry that his time permitted: and, besides, it is seldom that we meet with a writer of his country so free from every kind of trifling, romancing, and affectation. His book has no pretensions to philosophy, but it is plain, sensible, and instructive. They, however, who read travels only for the sake of the marvels they contain, will find very little amusement in it; for the author is very deficient in wonderful stories, having neither seen mammoths, fought with cannibals, nor intrigued with Indian princesses.

The expedition was undertaken under the auspices of Chaptal, minister of the interior. Our traveller arrived at Charleston, South Caro-

lina, in Oct. 1801. This city is the seat of an active commerce between the northern and southern states; it contains nearly twenty thousand inhabitants; and upwards of nine thousand of this number are slaves. He made a considerable stay at this place, as well as at New York and Philadelphia. In June, 1802, he set out to cross the Allegany, having before him a journey of near two thousand miles, to be accomplished by the following October. From Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, the northern entrance into the western states, the road (he says) lies through a country whose hilly surface, covered with dark forests, gives it the appearance of an agitated sea. There are, however, intermediate spots of rich and cultivated soil, yielding crops of wheat, oats, and rye. Beyond Shippensburg, 140 miles from Philadelphia, there is no public conveyance on this road; but, as the Americans it seems are always thirsty, there is no want of inns, frequently kept by captains, colonels, and other military dignitaries, with the appropriate sign of a general Washington. The breakfasts at these inns are much in that style which Dr. Johnson, when in Scotland, so highly approved; fried ham and eggs, with a broiled fowl, being generally served up with the tea and coffee. Upon our traveller's arrival at Bedford, a town near the foot of the Allegany ridge, he found all the inhabitants of the country engaged in a high festival, to commemorate, not a victory over the royalists, but the repeal of the duty upon whisky; and, upon this memorable occasion, every independent American thought it a civic duty to get exceedingly drunk. The German colonists he mentions as the most sober and industrious people in this part of America.

"With them," says he, "every thing announces that comfort which is the reward of assiduity and labour. They assist each other in their harvests, they intermarry with each other, and preserve, as much as possible, the manners of their Euro-

pean ancestors. They live much better than the descendants of the English, Scots, and Irish. They are not so much addicted to spirituous liquors, and have not, like them, that unsteady disposition which frequently, from the most trifling cause, induces them to emigrate several hundred miles in the hope of finding some more fertile territory."

After some account of Pittsburg, he describes the Mississippi as navigable by vessels of 300 tons all the way from Pittsburg; and from Limestone, four hundred and twenty-five miles farther down, it is navigable the whole year. In the spring, the current is extremely rapid; the boats, therefore, with which it is then navigated, are so constructed, as to diminish the velocity with which they would otherwise be carried down. They are of an oblong form, having their sides raised about four feet and a half above the water, and covered at one end with an angular roof: and in these vessels, whole families of emigrants commit themselves to the stream, without sail or oar.

"I was alone," says he, "on the banks of the Monongahela, when, for the first time, I observed five or six of these boats floating down the river. I could not conceive what these large square boxes were, which, abandoned to the current, presented by turns their ends, sides, and corners. As they approached, I heard a confused noise; but the height of their sides prevented me from distinguishing any thing. By getting upon the bank of the river, I at length discovered several families in these boats, which also conveyed their horses, cows, poultry, carriages, ploughs, beds, tools, in fact every thing which is required for furnishing a farm house, and cultivating the land."

In July, he left Pittsburgh for Kentucky, resolved to travel on foot to Wheeling, and there to embark on the Ohio. Having at this place purchased a canoe, he proceeded down the river, *paddling* from one side to the other, in order to obtain

the shelter of the trees against the burning rays of the sun; and, during the night, he stopped at some of the plantations, or small towns, which are scattered upon its banks. A few days use so habituated him to this mode of travelling, that he could contemplate, at his ease, the surrounding scenery through the openings which presented themselves; and wherever he halted, he made such inquiries and observations as his stay permitted. On the fourth day of his voyage, he arrived at Marietta, situated at the mouth of the great Muskingum. This town, one of the chief places of the extensive state of Ohio, although of recent date, contains upwards of two hundred houses; and, being a busy commercial station, it is daily increasing.

At Gallipoli, farther down the river, he had an opportunity of surveying a colony of his countrymen, who, ten years before, had been seduced from their homes, by romantic and captivating relations of this region, published by certain poetical French travellers. Our author accounts for the poor state in which he found this misguided colony, by enumerating the peculiar hardships to which the colonists were unexpectedly exposed, from the war carrying on against the savages, upon their first arrival in this country. Volney, who visited this establishment before Michaux, gives a similar account of these obstacles: but that writer sagaciously perceived, that Frenchmen are not so well adapted for the labours of colonization as the emigrants from Britain or Germany. With a view to ascertain whether or not he was right in this supposition, he afterwards visited the French establishments upon the Wabash; and, from what he there saw, and the accounts he received regarding the other settlements of the French, upon the borders of Louisiana and Lake Erie, he was fully confirmed in his opinion.

Arrived at Limestone, in Kentucky, he had still near a thousand



miles of his arduous journey before him; and being pressed for time, he was forced to abandon his original plan of descending the river so far as the *rapids*. Taking leave of it, therefore, at this place, he directed his course towards Lexington, the chief town of this, and of all the western states. This still humble capital contains only three thousand inhabitants, who live in plank houses; but it must be recollected, that, till 1780, the place where it now stands was covered with trees. Like all the towns in this part of America, it is still embosomed in woods; but there are many plantations in the neighbourhood, and the soil is extremely fertile. An attempt was made to naturalize the vine in the neighbourhood of Lexington; but he found the vineyard, of which he had heard flattering reports, in a declining state. It seems probable, however, that the vine might be successfully cultivated in that country; and that the failure of this attempt was owing to an injudicious choice of situation. At Lexington, there is some degree of literature: newspapers are published, and the literary journals of Europe are regularly received. Dr. S. Brown, an intelligent physician, had introduced the vaccine inoculation with great success; and the same gentleman was laudably occupied in making a collection of the fossils, and other natural productions of this interesting country. It is pleasing to learn, that the inhabitants of these forests are cheered and enlightened with the distant literature of Europe; that there are here men capable of communicating the benefits of its discoveries, and emulous, in their turn, to extend the boundaries of knowledge, by new discoveries of their own.

After a short stay at Lexington, he set out, in August, for Nashville, in Tennessee, where he arrived on the 28th. Nashville, which contains about one hundred and thirty houses built of planks, is situated on Cumberland river, remarkable for the stupendous height of its calca-

reous banks. Here there is a plank college, containing one professor and six students. Leaving this melancholy spot, he proceeded to Knoxville, the seat of government of Tennessee. He traversed part of the territory of the Cherokees, on the Cumberland mountain; and he tells us, that these savages have lately made considerable progress in cultivating their lands, and are become more desirous of the comforts of a settled life. They sometimes appear in a hat, coat, and waistcoat; but no Cherokee has yet been known to submit to the bondage of breeches. In September he arrived at Jonesburgh, the last town in Tennessee, situated at the foot of the Allegany; and having recrossed these mountains, he again proceeded through the Carolinas to Charleston, where he arrived in October, three months and a half after his departure from Philadelphia; and, soon after, he returned to France.

From the intelligence afforded us by this traveller, the following general ideas may be formed of the western states.

They are bounded by the Alleghany mountains on the east and south, and by the Mississippi, and the lakes Michigan, Huron, and Erie on the west and north. The surface of this extensive country, though not mountainous, is very uneven, and, except where cultivated, entirely covered with wood. The soil is, for the most part, uncommonly fertile: it consists of a rich vegetable mould, of considerable depth, resting on an immense stratum of limestone, which pervades the whole of this region. Here, indeed, nature seems to have exerted to the utmost her vegetative powers. In the forests, the trees are of extraordinary size; this traveller measured some whose circumference extended to forty-seven feet. It would be endless to describe their varieties; but it is worth while to remark, that the inhabitants are accustomed to judge of the quality of the soil by the trees, some species being peculiar to the most fertile

districts. Such, in particular, are the coffee-tree (*Guilandina dioica*), the honey-locust (*Gloditsia triacanthos*), and the papaver (*Annona triloba*). When the trees are cleared away, the soil, through almost the whole of these states, is found to repay the cultivator with the most abundant harvests. The principal articles of cultivation are maize and wheat; but, in Kentucky, considerable quantities of hemp and tobacco are also raised, and, in Tennessee, a great part of the inhabitants are occupied with the culture of cotton. In ordinary seasons, an acre of good land yields forty or fifty English bushels of maize; in abundant years, from sixty to seventy-five bushels; and the culture, after the ground is cleared, is extremely simple and easy. Wheat is chiefly raised for exportation; and good lands generally yield from twenty-five to thirty bushels each acre, without any manure, and with a single ploughing. The average crop of cotton is three hundred and fifty pounds weight to an acre; and it also appears that its cultivation does not require great labour. But if the soil of this country be fertile, it cannot be said that its climate is salubrious. Obstinate intermittent fevers prevail every autumn, and the inhabitants are also frequently afflicted with cutaneous diseases. Another disadvantage, too, arises from the want of water in many places, during the summer, from the drying up of the smaller rivers: an inconvenience so great as to prove a material obstacle to the progress of cultivation in some districts.

The population of this country, when compared with its great extent, makes but a poor figure. A few years only have elapsed since its first occupation; and, when considered under this point of view, the amount is surprising. Thirty years ago, there were scarce three thousand people in the whole country; at present, it contains more than four hundred thousand; and, as emigrants still continue to throng to it, the population must rapidly aug-

ment. Kentucky has the largest share, its proportion being two hundred and fifty thousand, including twenty thousand negro slaves. The greater part of the people are employed in clearing and cultivating the land, and in rearing cattle; but there is a considerable number engaged in manufactures and commerce. The inhabitants of the banks of the Ohio are mighty hunters; a circumstance by no means propitious to the progress of cultivation, for it is easier and more seducing to kill stags and bears than to fell large trees. In Kentucky and Tennessee, they are more agricultural; but, in all places, the scale of cultivation is extremely limited, for, as there are no labourers to be had for money, the operations of each farmer must proceed in proportion to the strength of his family. It follows, accordingly, that, in possessions of some hundred acres, there are often not more than ten or twelve under cultivation. In the plantations, the people live in miserable plank huts; but, within, there are always abundance of eatables, and peach brandy or whisky. The articles manufactured are leather, paper, cordage, linen, flour, cotton, and spirits, some of which afford the materials of a very profitable commerce. The articles imported from Europe, seven-tenths of which are supplied by Great Britain, consist of drugs, iron and tin wares, pottery, drapery, and mercery. Besides these, they obtain nankeen, tea, coffee, and sugar from the East and West Indies. The whole of these importations are carried from the sea ports on the Atlantic to Pittsburgh, and from thence distributed, by the channel of the Ohio, through all these states. The exportations consist of ginseng, salted provisions, tobacco, hemp, and flour, of all of which a very considerable quantity is annually exported. Of flour alone, there was, in 1802, exported 85,570 barrels, each holding 196 pounds. The greater part of the flour exported is put into boats at Louisville, and conveyed



to New Orleans, fourteen hundred miles. For nine hundred miles of this long voyage, there is not even a plank hut to be seen; and the people who accompany the boats must either return by land, or, proceeding by sea to Philadelphia, go thence to Pittsburg, and afterwards descend to Kentucky by the Ohio. Commerce, indeed, displays many of its wonders in this remote country. Ships of considerable tonnage, built at the head of the Ohio, two thousand miles from the sea, pass directly to the West Indies with cargoes; and what is, perhaps, equally striking, the flour with which some of them are laden is ground with millstones imported from France, and carried from the sea ports into the heart of this vast continent. With the progress of cultivation, the commerce of the Ohio must constantly increase; and when we consider what has been already done, there is every reason to believe, that the same active and enterprising spirit which now animates its banks, will speedily extend even to the distant borders of the Illinois and Missouri, where ships will also be built, to carry down the Mississippi the products of the extensive and fertile regions watered by these rivers. The mind delights to contemplate this magnificent perspective, where, instead of forests, peopled only with beasts, it sees rising into view cultivated districts, covered with men, and the monuments of their arts.

The author describes the manners of this country as rude and unamiable. The scattered and lonely state in which the people live, and the mutual independence which prevails, are circumstances by no means favourable to amenity of manners. They have not yet reached that advanced stage of society, where there are numerous classes who either do not labour at all, or are occupied only with the liberal arts. Their generals distil whisky, their colonels keep taverns, and their statesmen feed pigs. In such a state of society, we must not look for great

refinement: it is also clear, that the political institutions of this country have a natural tendency to add to that roughness of character which prevails. The passion for spirituous liquors exists in a very strong degree among them; and their carousals seldom terminate without some dangerous affray. They are hospitable to strangers, because they are seldom troubled with them, and because they have always plenty of maize and smoked hams. Their hospitality, too, is always accompanied with impertinent questions, and a disgusting display of national vanity. In politics, they are stern democrats, hating the federalists with suitable ardour. Their minds seem to be in that state in which religious impressions find easy access. Here is a sect called *dunkers*, who cherish long beards; and also vast numbers of enthusiasts, who retire into woods, where they remain for days in holy communion, round large fires, frequently bawling out, *Glory! glory!* There is no established church in these states, and there are few places of public worship; where there are churches, the itinerants who officiate abound in zeal, but are deficient in education.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

BLIGHT OR MILDEW IN CORN  
EXPLAINED.

ALL perfect plants are provided by nature with mouths or pores on the surface of their leaves and stalks. These are destined to supply the vegetable's want of locomotion, by enabling it to profit by all the aqueous particles which may fall upon it, or be contained in the air which surrounds it. They are open in wet, and shut in dry weather; and greedily absorb the moisture that comes in contact with them. The surface of straw is covered with alternate stripes; the one set more solid, the other filled with the

mouths just now described. Into these the farina of a small parasitic fungus frequently penetrates; there it sprouts: and though its roots have not yet been detected beyond the bark, there can be no doubt that they push themselves into the cellular texture, and, intercepting the sap in its ascent, nourish the little mushroom at the expence of the grain. It is the kernel of the primary plant which suffers by this intrusion; in proportion to the number of fungi which take root in the stalk, the grain in the ear is shrivelled; and while the bran remains as plentiful as before, the flour is so much diminished, that some crops do not yield a stone from a sack of wheat, or it may happen that the whole produce, if ground, should give bran alone.

This fungus attacks corn early in spring; assumes an orange colour, which afterwards becomes deep brown; and, in hot weather, ripens and sheds its seed perhaps in the space of a week. Spring corn suffers less from it than winter, probably because the fungus has less time to spread over and exhaust it. All over Europe, where corn is grown, the blight is known; and specimens of a parasitic plant, nearly resembling the English, have been brought in wheat from New South Wales. Nor does this fungus appear to attack corn plants only. The neighbourhood of a barberry bush will infect a whole district of grain with the disease; whence we may infer, that this tree, known to be very subject to a rust resembling the blight, sheds the farina of its fungus, which the wind carries to the pores of the corn.

Early in the season, the rust, in its orange-coloured stage, may be observed upon a few stalks here and there in a field. At this period it takes many weeks of coming to maturity; and that interval the farmer should employ in eradicating those infected plants, which, if permitted to ripen, are so many nests of numberless fungi. Each pore may contain from twenty to forty, and each

fungus sheds a hundred seed; so that, in the hot season, when they ripen quickly, a single stalk may infect a whole district. It may likewise find its way in the straw, mixed up with manure, and several grasses are obviously subject to it. The former cause is easily removed, and careful weeding is a certain preventive of the latter.

There are two questions of very great practical importance. First, whether the copious growth of these fungi upon the leaves and stalks of corn does not add to the nutritive matter of the straw? The weight of the straw is certainly increased in proportion as the grain loses by the growth of the parasitical plant; but the question is, whether the fungus has the qualities which adapt it to the stomachs of cattle?

Though the seeds of wheat are rendered, by the exhausting power of the fungus, so lean and shrivelled that scarce any flour fit for the manufacture of bread can be obtained by grinding them, these very seeds will, except, perhaps, in the very worst cases, answer the purpose of seed corn, as well as the fairest and plumpest sample that can be obtained, and in some respects better; for, as a bushel of much blighted corn will contain one-third at least more grains in number than a bushel of plump corn, three bushels of such corn will go as far, in sowing land, as four bushels of large grain.

The use of the flour of corn in furthering the process of vegetation, is to nourish the minute plant, from the time of its developement till its roots are able to attract food from the manured earth; for this purpose, one-tenth of the contents of a grain of good wheat is more than sufficient. The quantity of flour in wheat has been increased by culture and management calculated to improve its qualities for the benefit of mankind, in the same proportion as the pulp of apples and pears has been increased, by the same means, above what is found on the wildings and crabs in the hedges.

It is customary to set aside or to



purchase for seed corn the boldest and plumpest samples that can be obtained; that is, those which contain the most flour. But this is an unnecessary waste of human subsistence; the smallest grains, such as are sifted out before the wheat is carried to market, and either consumed in the farmer's family or given to his poultry, will be found, by experience, to answer the purpose of propagating the sort from whence they sprung, as effectually as the largest.

Every ear of wheat is composed of a number of cups, placed alternately on each side of the straw; the lower ones contain, according to circumstances, three or four grains, nearly equal in size, but, towards the top of the ear, where the quantity of nutriment is diminished by the more ample supply of those cups that are nearer the root, the third or fourth grain in a cup is frequently defrauded of its proportion, and becomes shrivelled and small. These small grains, which are rejected by the miller, because they do not contain flour enough for his purpose, have nevertheless an ample abundance for all purposes of vegetation, and as fully partake of the sap (or blood, as we should call it in animals) of the kind which produced them, as the fairest and fullest grain that can be obtained from the bottoms of the lower cups, by the wasteful process of beating the sheaves.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

FIRST PUBLIC TESTIMONY OF  
FRIENDS AGAINST SLAVERY.

I HAVE the pleasure of presenting to the lovers of humanity the following document, which I consider as a great curiosity: the EARLIEST TESTIMONY of friends, that remains on record, against the purchase of their fellow-men, and keeping them in a state of slavery during their lives.

I transcribe it *verbatim*, as it may probably be useful to some future historian, who, in delineating the origin and progress of this abominable traffic, shall have occasion to record the sentiments which, in former times, were entertained by those few, who were favoured to see the bounty of an indulgent Providence *equally* extended over all his creatures.

*Extract from the Minutes of Nantucket Monthly Meeting, 26th of 9th month, 1716.*

' An epistle from the last quarterly meeting was read, and the matter referred to this meeting, viz. "Whether it is agreeable to truth for friends to purchase slaves, and keep them term of life," was considered: and the sense and judgment of this meeting is, "That it is not agreeable to truth for friends to purchase slaves, and keep them term of life."

I have been assured, that the attention evinced by friends to this subject in so dark an age, when self-interest, the power of custom, and the force of prejudice had such a universal sway over the minds of men, acting diametrically contrary to the principles of truth and humanity, was productive of much benefit, as many were, even at that time, convinced of the injustice and enormity of the practice, although not converted; halting between two opinions; undecided whether to obey the dictates and follow the directions of duty, or suffer themselves to be deceived by the delusions of a misguided interest. This testimony of the meeting, therefore, so *decisive* and so *noble*, served, no doubt, in a great degree, to rend the veil which had hitherto concealed from the eyes of our unenlightened ancestors the magnitude of those crimes, which, in subsequent times, have claimed the attention and occupied the talents of our greatest statesmen, and exercised the pens of

men, whose names will ever be dear to Piety, Humanity, and Happiness.

DENVILLE.

*New Bedford Aug. 19,*  
1805.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

AN ACCOUNT OF PARKINSON'S  
TOUR IN AMERICA.

A TOUR in the United States has lately been published in Europe, written by Richard Parkinson, a practical farmer, who lately spent three years among us. If a native reader derives no instruction from the wisdom of this, he will at least be amused with its follies and mistakes.

The professed object of his work is to undeceive those who have been taught to consider America, either as a place of refuge from poverty, or as a scene of speculation. The author belonged to the latter class; and his narrative is chiefly made up of details respecting his various disappointments, and the similar fate of others in his own situation. His style is as coarse and vulgar as might be expected from a mere practical farmer; talking without ceremony, and for the most part in ill humour, on every thing that befel him or came in his way during his last lease. The weather, the land, roads, markets, landlord, parson, justices, servants, and neighbours, all come in for a share of his abuse: and so cautiously is every consolatory topic avoided, that we are at a loss how, in the midst of all sorts of calamity and vexation, he could either have paid his rent, or preserved his reason. Such a man has only one mode of discussing whatever you propose to him; the method of averment and instance. He suddenly comes down with a broad, positive, blundering assertion, and backs it with "the very thing that happened to himself," or the story of his neighbour *such a one*, which, being *fact*, must decide the

matter. There is, indeed, always abundance of inconsistency in the statements of these lovers of plain fact; and it requires but little attention to their stories, to refute them on their own ground. But till this is done, or some other kind of remedy administered, they are absolute masters of the argument; and when they embody their conversations for public use, it is wonderful how implicitly they are followed by the multitude, always abhorrent of just theory or general principle, prone to the observation of insulated occurrences, and unwilling, through timidity, to depart from particular examples, though often beguiled by indolence into the most dangerous applications of them.

There is little ground for fearing or hoping that the land of the United States will be cleared and cultivated by British capital or industry, while their own wastes, both in Europe and America, are left under heath and forest. This event, indeed, it is this author's aim to avert by his book, written to prove that there is *no land* in America worth cultivating, and *no enjoyment of life* to be procured. It has hitherto been supposed, that the cause of the rapid increase of America in wealth and population is the abundance of good land. Mr. Parkinson maintains, that, after travelling repeatedly over the most favoured parts of the continent, and partly viewing, partly trying the soil, as an experienced farmer, he has been unable to find any which would be deemed worth the trouble of touching in England; that every appearance of poverty is to be met with in all parts of the country; that the labour required to preserve a wretched existence in America would procure the comforts of life any where else; that the nature of the climate and soil offers unsurmountable obstacles to the profitable employment of capital in agricultural speculations; and, in short, that Europeans have hitherto been more deceived in their ideas of America, than in the earliest descriptions of China. It is for the



purpose of opening men's eyes upon this subject, by a narrative of his own adventures and observations, that Mr. Parkinson has compiled these volumes. Through the whole recital are displayed the effects of disappointment, rendered inevitable by previous unreasonable expectations; of the strongest national prejudice; sometimes rising into perfect animosity; fostered, it is probable, by a willingness to court the prevailing partialities of Englishmen, and diversified by an occasional appeal to the feelings which find favour within the circle of courts.

Mr. Parkinson, it seems, was a thorough-bred Lincolnshire farmer; accustomed from his infancy to the management of the finest cattle in the world; and, in general, to the practice of agriculture peculiar to the more refined stages of the art, and the wealthiest period of society. But he had "the honour of being acquainted with sir John Sinclair," to whom general Washington had sent over proposals for letting his land to British farmers; he never doubted that an introduction from sir John to the general and his rich soil, was equivalent to a "real treasure;" and, "*with all these encouragements*," he "speculated to make a rapid fortune." He pitched on a farm of twelve hundred acres, at twenty-two shillings (about five dollars) an acre of rent; carried out his work on farming to sell there; bought Phænomenon and Cardinal Puff, two famous race horses, besides various other blood horses, and sundry pigs and cows; and having chartered a ship, and put all his live stock (his family included) on board, he thought he had "a most favourable prospect." So little desponding was Mr. Parkinson's temper while planning his adventure, and so entirely did he reserve for the season of action those doubts and discontents which should have searched the scheme in its formation.

His disasters and crosses began in port. The ship was improperly laden, and had to wait a fortnight for ballast. This delay injured the hor-

ses, and consumed the stores. One of the servants was dismissed for sickness; the other was pressed. Our author, and his son of twelve years old, had to wait upon the whole live stock; they had a bad passage of twelve weeks; lost eleven out of sixteen horses; and arrived at Norfolk in the middle of November. In the frame of mind, which these incidents were calculated to create, he entered on his examination of the *promised land*. The first of his discoveries forms the groundwork of all his disappointments; and this is his account of the manner in which the melancholy truth burst upon him, that North America is not yet the proper country for rearing prize cattle.

"After dinner was over, I began to inquire for some hay for my horses and cattle; but was told there was no such thing. I was astonished to find in so large a town, where a great number of horses, mules, and cows were kept, no hay, and in the month of November too. The people seemed as much surprised at my asking for hay, as I was at their being none: and well they might; for when I walked out into the ground, I saw no such thing as grass growing, nor any sort of green herb. This to me, as an Englishman, was a very unusual spectacle; to see land without something upon it: and not a little mortifying, to one who had been tempted to believe it to be (as they term it) the best land in the world. I knew that if all their land was like that, a man could not live in plenty and splendour from the produce of such crops as it would bring.

"It was natural for me now to inquire, what they kept their cows and horses on during the winter. They told me, their horses on blades, and their cows on slops. I neither knew what *blades* nor *slops* were. The people seemed to laugh at me for my inquiry; as by this time they had learnt that I was the English farmer who had come over with a quantity of horses, bulls, cows, hogs, and dogs, and taken a farm of gene-

ral Washington, at Mount Vernon. I have reason to say, indeed, I was not a fit man to farm in their country; which I heard said repeatedly, both at that time and afterwards, during my stay in America. This I knew to be true: nor is any Englishman; it does not suit very well to take any thing from rich land to poor.

"Now to return to the slops and the blades. The latter proved to be blades and tops of Indian corn: and the slops were the same that are put into the swill-tub in England, and given to hogs; composed of broth, dish-washings, cabbage leaves, potatoe parings, &c. The cows even eat the dung of a horse, as naturally as an English cow does hay; and are all in the streets, robbing every man's cart of these *blades* as they come to be sold, or picking up any thing else they can find. It appeared to me that a man's having land in or about that town was of no advantage to him in keeping cows, as it grewed no grass; the street was the cheapest place to keep them in, and the best."

It may be proper to add, however, that our author, in the sequel, found the trade of a cowfeeder a singularly profitable one; and that his horses approved exceedingly of those *blades*, "which it was the practice to sell by the pound, in the same manner as tea in England."

From Norfolk Mr. Parkinson proceeded to Mount Vernon, a voyage generally of eleven hours, but which his usual bad luck protracted to nine days; and, on viewing the farm, he declared he would not accept the fee-simple of it for one year's rent. He was very kindly received at the general's, but found every thing so bad, that his conversation seems to have been one continued grumble. There was no grass; the clover was miserable; the oats had never more than four grains on a stalk; the longest straw was twelve inches; the cattle were poor; nor was his eye refreshed by the sight of a single dunghill. It was some consolation, however, to meet with a steward,

who "found fault with every thing, *just like a foreigner*;" and, among other things, with his master, of whom he gave our author so unfavourable an account, that he thought the steward had some fears of being supplanted by him. Our author now made a tour of about five months, through the different parts of the country; was every where well received, and constantly pressed to settle as a farmer, by the great landed proprietors. His answer seems to have been pretty uniform; that he would not take a present of their land. It is very clear, from his own statements, that his opinion of the soil was mingled with his disgust at the manners and customs of the country, and that the want of those comforts to which he had been habituated in England was the chief cause of his discontent with the farms of America. In the whole of his numerous details and anecdotes, nothing is asserted of the country, which might not have been predicted from a little consideration of its peculiar circumstances; and no inconvenience imputed, which is not susceptible of an effectual remedy, either at the present moment, or in the rapid progress of its improvement. The grievances which form the theme of these volumes is the necessary consequence of the recent settlement of America, its scanty population, and limited capital.

The difficulty of procuring servants, or labourers of any kind, is Mr. Parkinson's chief complaint. Their wages are extremely high; they come and go according to their fancy; their insolence is unbounded; and a farmer in the best circumstances must lay his account with frequently devoting both himself and his family to the meanest occupations in agriculture. The laziness and insolence of servants he uniformly ascribes to what he is always railing at, under the name of American liberty and equality.

"None but those," says he, "who have been in America, would suppose but there are people to be had, for either love or money, to do the



dirty work ; but I have been obliged to clean my own boots and shoes when I have had four servants in the house ; and myself, wife, and family, have risen in a morning to milk the cows, when our servants were in bed. I should term such, very bad management in England ; but the idea of liberty and equality there destroys all the rights of the master, and every man does as he likes.

"If a white servant is sent on an errand to a neighbour's house, he will go in with his hat on, and perhaps sit down with as much freedom as though he was in his own or master's house. It is very common, if you step out of your house into the garden, to find a man of any description (black or white) when you come in, to have lighted his pipe, and sitting down in a chair, smoking, without apology, with as much composure as though he was a lodger in the house : and any man that obstructs these liberties is looked upon as a bad subject, and an enemy to the rights of man, and an infringer of the rights which they and their fathers have fought for."

"Now, with regard to the liberty and equality expected by some who emigrate from these kingdoms to America, they will find that not very pleasant. There is no Englishman who does not think himself above the negro ; but when he comes there, he will have to eat, drink, and sleep with the negro slaves. Hence it is that stories are told of the servants in America wanting to eat and drink in the dining-room with their masters. As the master cannot keep three tables, the white servant thinks himself (from the boast of the American liberty and equality) more on an equality with the master than with the negro ; and as the negro is under no greater subordination than to acknowledge the man he works for as master, the white man (if he be not a slave) to cause a distinction, will not call him *master* : therefore, among the white men in America, they are all *Mr.* and *sir* ; so that,

in conversation, you cannot discover which is the master, or which is the man. It is the same with the white women ; they are all *madam* and *miss*. If you call at the door of any man, and ask the servant if his master is at home, he will say, "*Master ! I have no master : do you want Mr. Such-a-one ?*" that is, the man he serves : and if you want a man that is a white servant, the master calls him in the same manner.

"Now, this sits so uneasy on an English servant, that, by being called *Mr.* and *sir*, he soon becomes the greatest puppy imaginable, and much unpleasanter even than the negro. Then, as all men imitate their betters in pride and consequence, when the negroes meet together, they are all *Mr.* and *madam* among themselves."

The folly of these representations applied to America in general is obvious ; but a person disposed to argue with Mr. Parkinson, upon his favourite ground of comparing America with England, might be permitted to suggest, as a counterpoise to these evils of a scanty population, the poor-rates which an excessive population have entailed on the English cultivator. But, at any rate, it must be allowed, that as numbers increase in America, the evil complained of will wear out ; that while the government remains sufficiently strong to secure the rights of property, and the monopoly of the labouring classes continues to decrease ; these, like all other dealers in articles of growing supply, will become more and more courteous to their employers.

A farmer who repairs to America, says our author, will find his occupation there quite a new trade. He will have to chop up trees, and cultivate the land by the hoe and pick axe, instead of the plough and harrows. The implements of husbandry are so expensive, that he will have to make them himself, and will therefore make them badly. There is no doubt, that if a person will have cheap land, he must go to

some distance from great towns ; and, to get the cheapest, he must take it uncleared. But was not this a very obvious consideration ?

In like manner does he complain of the want of corn-merchants, and the distance from market towns : evils which are common to America with every extensive country, ill peopled and deficient in capital.

" It may be worthy of remark, that the grain raised in those parts of America passes through a number of hands before it comes to the consumer, which must lessen the grower's gains. He first sends it one or two hundred miles, and from that to eight hundred miles, to market, and commissions a man to sell it ; then the miller gets hold of it : there is a cask to put the flour in, which is nearly a waste : there is an inspector to examine the flour : then there is frequently another commission to buy the flour to ship it : then there is the ship's freight to pay, and another commission, warehouse-room in England, &c. All these certainly are great disadvantages : they shackle the commercial interests of those parts called the eastern shore, and lessen the profits of the land's produce."

He complains, also, that most of the common trades are unprofitable in America. A miller's used to be reckoned a good one ; but our author asserts, that two millers will not say so. A brewer's business he thinks among the best ; but tells a story of an attempt made by one to impose upon him : and in Baltimore, where he wished to settle, there were too few inhabitants to render a brewery worth while ; nevertheless, he made money by teaching some people who had established one. The leather made in America is bad, though tanning is reckoned profitable ; but people make rich by importing leather from England : and he asserts, that more is saved by retailing English hats, at 500 *per cent.* advance, than by making them in the country. It was surely his own folly, if he expected to find flourishing manufactures in America, or

indeed to see any thing made here, which was sufficiently valuable, in proportion to its bulk, to bear the expence of a voyage from Europe.

In various instances, he betrays his disgust at the inelegant manner of living, common among the cultivators in remote settlements ; nor is he satisfied even with the style of the best societies. He seems to be offended with the practice of having early suppers of tea and beef steaks : in short, he is resolved to be contented with nothing that is not English. No one certainly ever thought of recommending America as the land of elegance and refinement ; but by his own account the author has no right to complain of New York, or even Baltimore, in this point, and he surely saw no living, in the woods themselves, less choice than his own Lincolnshire regimen thirty years ago, according to the description he has given of it.

" I was accustomed to eat what may be termed black bread, for which the small wheat, called hinder ends, or light wheat, taken out of the best sent to market, is used, and kept for family use ; which, being ground, was afterwards passed through a wide sieve, with the small bran searced out of the best wheat flour, and put amongst the bread meal ; altogether making a sort of coarse or black bread, and the fine flour used for puddings, pies, &c. Yeast not being then in general use, a piece of dough was kept out of the last baking, and salted ; which, before the time of using it for the next batch, becoming sour, this sort of bread acquired the same quality."

" Very fat bacon was the chief of our diet, garden stuff not being in such general use as at this time, excepting the large Windsor beans in summer, and potatoes occasionally in the winter, with pease-puddings. I know no greater dainty to me than these beans and fat bacon, or pease-pudding to the offal of pig's flesh in the winter, or some of the black and fat bacon."

The climate of America is the



object of frequent animadversion. He seems never to have recovered from the fright which a thunder storm gave him soon after his arrival.

"A small cloud appears first, and very quickly gathers and blackens the sky. The winds begin to blow, with thunder and lightning, so tremendous, that a stranger might suppose it would destroy every thing upon the earth. The thunder-bolts will split the trees in the woods in such a manner as was very surprising to me when I first saw it; and made me believe the country was ordained by the Almighty a proper place for convicts, as it would make them repent of their former sins."

This idea, suggested by the storm, is not lost sight of in the sequel. Sly hints are thrown out, from time to time, respecting the share which 'twelve honest men' had in peopling the country; and our author sums up his opinion of the *whole continent*, by stating, that "it appears to him to be a most proper place for the use to which it was first appropriated, namely, the reception of convicts."

The extravagance of his assertion regarding the quality of the land in America, may be estimated by the following specimens: "The land of America is so barren, that it costs more to raise a crop and carry it to market, than will afford the usual comforts of life." He used to think Baltimore a most industrious and lively place; but he cannot conceive how it should be so, or whence the riches of a nation can come, "if the produce costs more in raising and sending to market than it is worth." He knew a gentleman at Baltimore who acknowledged, that, by cultivating part of two estates, the one fourteen miles, the other only a mile and a half from that city, he lost one thousand pounds a year. This ingenious person was *from Ireland*. Our author lost above four pounds an acre on his barley crop, upon his best land. It is true, he had not manured it, and when he did he gain-

ed greatly. A seller of potatoes in Philadelphia market made him believe, that they sold for less than it cost to get them out of the ground. This very credible informer was a Scotsman. It would be endless to relate the stories with which these volumes abound, of persons ruined by American speculations; driven mad by their disappointments; and, what is still more singular, remaining in the country as cultivators, while their capital is yearly absorbed, and the land barely yields, to their utmost exertions, enough to pay the taxes.

One chief subject of complaint is the constant practice of making free with growing crops, and especially fruit, which prevails among this people. A waggoner, in passing your field, thinks nothing of giving his horses a good feed of corn or hay, and taking as much maize as he can eat at a meal himself. If a person has an orchard at all near the road, every one who travels that way helps himself to as much fruit as he pleases; and no proprietor ever thinks of checking this practice. Our author was, however, resolved to set another example, and applied to a justice of peace, who received him very civilly; told him the laws were the same upon such trespasses as in England; but advised him not to think of "bringing offenders to justice for so small crimes;" and added, "that as it was customary in that country for people to take a little fruit, they were sure not to be punished, if they did not behave ill in any other respect."—"In short (says he), I began to understand, that if they only filled their pockets and handkerchiefs, I was not to mind it." His only resource was the assistance of an oak sapling, by the copious use of which, accompanied with the frequent firing of musquets, he at last succeeded in explaining his views of property to the vicinage. The natives for a long time did not at all comprehend the meaning of his "*insults*," as they termed it; and could not imagine how any one should be so stingy, as

to prevent them from "*taking a few peaches and apples in a friendly way.*" All this is merely a proof of abundance, and not of the bad police to which *he* ascribes it.

Parkinson's turnip crop yielded him three hundred and sixty bushels an acre, which brought in from three acres one hundred and sixty-two pounds. He had as many bushels of potatoes in an acre. He does not deny that the Indian corn is a most profitable crop; and that a dairy-farm yields very great returns. Even from breeding, which he is most inclined to undervalue, he shows that large gains may be obtained. The American hogs pay most for food, he says, of any he ever saw; and from one sow, he had in eleven months above one hundred and twenty-five pounds.—The sheep, too, thrive extremely well, in spite of all his invectives against American stock-farming.—Their wool is in general soft and fine; and they might clip for as good clothing-wool as in any part of the world, were the proper attention bestowed on the breed. The rapid increase of population in America is a more general fact, utterly subversive of all his declamations against the soil; and his only answer to the obvious refutation which he receives from the great exportation of wheat, is nothing more than an explanation of it. He says, nearly all the wheat grown there is exported, and its place supplied by Indian corn, to which the natives give the preference. How strangely will this sound to those natives, of which there are vast numbers, who do not taste any preparation of maize three times in a year!

What Parkinson means by *good land*, is land which can support the fat cattle known in the breeding districts of England; and he has confounded the qualities of the soil with the stages of cultivation and the progress of society. He evidently chose the parts of the country where he was sure of meeting with appearances of want and comfortless living. "I was very much at-

tached," says he, "to Baltimore, finding that New York and Philadelphia were much cheaper supplied with the land's produce than that city; they having great plenty of hay, more clover than could be sold, excellent beef, good veal (the mutton but middling), pork very fine, turkeys very fine, and all sorts of poultry; vegetables in great plenty. I returned, therefore, from New York," &c. And again, "In my journey between New York and Philadelphia, along that road, the farm houses seemed to be as thickly planted as in most parts of England, and had a greater show of produce than I ever saw any where else in America; but from the best information I could get, land was very dear." Now, where such improvements can proceed, it is manifest that there is no curse upon the soil; that a little time only is required for spreading the same wealthy aspect over the less cultivated districts; and that Mr. P. may possibly live to see, in the neighbourhood of New York, even an imitation of Mr. Bakewell, whom he considers as the greatest man that ever lived. "There is no record," says he, blunderingly, "of such a man existing upon earth, in any age whatever."

In the course of his narrative, we meet with a great deal of low scurrility, sometimes approaching to the nature of libels against individuals; a few specimens occur of the propensity, too common among travellers, to repeat in print what was committed to the confidential intercourse of private society. When general Washington gave him permission to dedicate his book on farming to him, he desired that this might not be mentioned in the dedication, because he had refused a similar request to many of his own countrymen. Our author only half complies with this condition, when he prints it in the body of the present work. He elsewhere relates some comments of his particular friend, an American magistrate and judge, highly disrespectful both to



object of frequent animadversion. He seems never to have recovered from the fright which a thunder storm gave him soon after his arrival.

"A small cloud appears first, and very quickly gathers and blackens the sky. The winds begin to blow, with thunder and lightning, so tremendous, that a stranger might suppose it would destroy every thing upon the earth. The thunder-bolts will split the trees in the woods in such a manner as was very surprising to me when I first saw it; and made me believe the country was ordained by the Almighty a proper place for convicts, as it would make them repent of their former sins."

This idea, suggested by the storm, is not lost sight of in the sequel. Sly hints are thrown out, from time to time, respecting the share which 'twelve honest men' had in peopling the country; and our author sums up his opinion of the *whole continent*, by stating, that "it appears to him to be a most proper place for the use to which it was first appropriated, namely, the reception of convicts."

The extravagance of his assertion regarding the quality of the land in America, may be estimated by the following specimens: "The land of America is so barren, that it costs more to raise a crop and carry it to market, than will afford the usual comforts of life." He used to think Baltimore a most industrious and lively place; but he cannot conceive how it should be so, or whence the riches of a nation can come, "if the produce costs more in raising and sending to market than it is worth." He knew a gentleman at Baltimore who acknowledged, that, by cultivating part of two estates, the one fourteen miles, the other only a mile and a half from that city, he lost one thousand pounds a year. This ingenious person was *from Ireland*. Our author lost above four pounds an acre on his barley crop, upon his best land. It is true, he had not measured it, and when he did he gain-

ed greatly. A seller of potatoes in Philadelphia market made him believe, that they sold for less than it cost to get them out of the ground. This very credible informer was a Scotsman. It would be endless to relate the stories with which these volumes abound, of persons ruined by American speculations; driven mad by their disappointments; and, what is still more singular, remaining in the country as cultivators, while their capital is yearly absorbed, and the land barely yields, to their utmost exertions, enough to pay the taxes.

One chief subject of complaint is the constant practice of making free with growing crops, and especially fruit, which prevails among this people. A waggoner, in passing your field, thinks nothing of giving his horses a good feed of corn or hay, and taking as much maize as he can eat at a meal himself. If a person has an orchard at all near the road, every one who travels that way helps himself to as much fruit as he pleases; and no proprietor ever thinks of checking this practice. Our author was, however, resolved to set another example, and applied to a justice of peace, who received him very civilly; told him the laws were the same upon such trespasses as in England; but advised him not to think of "bringing offenders to justice for so small crimes;" and added, "that as it was customary in that country for people to take a little fruit, they were sure not to be punished, if they did not behave ill in any other respect."—"In short (says he), I began to understand, that if they only filled their pockets and handkerchiefs, I was not to mind it." His only resource was the assistance of an oak sapling, by the copious use of which, accompanied with the frequent firing of muskets, he at last succeeded in explaining his views of property to the vicinage. The natives for a long time did not at all comprehend the meaning of his "*insults*," as they termed it; and could not imagine how any one should be so stingy, as

to prevent them from "*taking a few peaches and apples in a friendly way.*" All this is merely a proof of abundance, and not of the bad police to which *he* ascribes it.

Parkinson's turnip crop yielded him three hundred and sixty bushels an acre, which brought in from three acres one hundred and sixty-two pounds. He had as many bushels of potatoes in an acre. He does not deny that the Indian corn is a most profitable crop; and that a dairy-farm yields very great returns. Even from breeding, which he is most inclined to undervalue, he shows that large gains may be obtained. The American hogs pay most for food, he says, of any he ever saw; and from one sow, he had in eleven months above one hundred and twenty-five pounds.—The sheep, too, thrive extremely well, in spite of all his invectives against American stock-farming.—Their wool is in general soft and fine; and they might clip for as good clothing-wool as in any part of the world, were the proper attention bestowed on the breed. The rapid increase of population in America is a more general fact, utterly subversive of all his declamations against the soil; and his only answer to the obvious refutation which he receives from the great exportation of wheat, is nothing more than an explanation of it. He says, nearly all the wheat grown there is exported, and its place supplied by Indian corn, to which the natives give the preference. How strangely will this sound to those natives, of which there are vast numbers, who do not taste any preparation of maize three times in a year!

What Parkinson means by *good land*, is land which can support the fat cattle known in the breeding districts of England; and he has confounded the qualities of the soil with the stages of cultivation and the progress of society. He evidently chose the parts of the country where he was sure of meeting with appearances of want and comfortless living. "I was very much at-

tached," says he, "to Baltimore, finding that New York and Philadelphia were much cheaper supplied with the land's produce than that city; they having great plenty of hay, more clover than could be sold, excellent beef, good veal (the mutton but middling), pork very fine, turkeys very fine, and all sorts of poultry; vegetables in great plenty. I returned, therefore, from New York," &c. And again, "In my journey between New York and Philadelphia, along that road, the farm houses seemed to be as thickly planted as in most parts of England, and had a greater show of produce than I ever saw any where else in America; but from the best information I could get, land was very dear." Now, where such improvements can proceed, it is manifest that there is no curse upon the soil; that a little time only is required for spreading the same wealthy aspect over the less cultivated districts; and that Mr. P. may possibly live to see, in the neighbourhood of New York, even an imitation of Mr. Bakewell, whom he considers as the greatest man that ever lived. "There is no record," says he, blunderingly, "of such a man existing upon earth, in any age whatever."

In the course of his narrative, we meet with a great deal of low scurrility, sometimes approaching to the nature of libels against individuals; a few specimens occur of the propensity, too common among travellers, to repeat in print what was committed to the confidential intercourse of private society. When general Washington gave him permission to dedicate his book on farming to him, he desired that this might not be mentioned in the dedication, because he had refused a similar request to many of his own countrymen. Our author only half complies with this condition, when he prints it in the body of the present work. He elsewhere relates some comments of his particular friend, an American magistrate and judge, highly disrespectful both to



congress and his country in general. And he tells the whole story of the impositions which his host practised in his trade. The invective against Mr. Cooper is almost actionable. The cause of our author's rage at this gentleman is, that he praised the land in America. The following passage is truly singular, and forms the climax of this traveller's absurdities. "I am persuaded that there are thousands of Americans who, for want of education and attending divine worship, think that man a fool who pays any attention to those duties, believing that cunning is the most necessary qualification for mankind to possess. From their unfortunate independency being obtained by artifice, it strengthens their mind much in the practice: the reader may conceive this to be more likely, when it is known that their chief teachers are Tom Paine, doctor Priestley, and others of the same description. Mr. Jefferson, the president, is by many gentlemen in America believed to be an atheist; though, from my own knowledge in being in his company, I have no reason to say so. There are in his writings some allusions to it; and I saw a paragraph in the newspaper, of his having given Tom Paine a pressing invitation to return to America. If so, I should think the report to be true."

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

ANECDOTES OF WASHINGTON.

THE following relations are to be found in the American tour of Mr. Parkinson, lately published. Whether authentic or not, the reader must judge.

"I think," says this traveller, "a large number of negroes to require as severe discipline as a company of soldiers: and that may be one and the great cause why general Washington managed his negroes better than any other man, he being brought up to the army, and by nature in-

dustrious beyond any description, and in regularity the same. There are several anecdotes related of him, for being methodical. I was told by general Stone, that he was travelling with his family in his carriage across the country, and, arriving at a ferry belonging to general Washington, he offered the ferryman a moidore. The man said, "I cannot take it." The general asked, "Why, John?" He replied, "I am only a servant to general Washington; and I have no weights to weigh it with: and the general will weigh it; and if it should not be weight, he will not only make me the loser, but he will be angry with me." "Well, John, you must take it; and I will lose three pence in its value:" the ferryman did so; and he carried it to general Washington on the Saturday night following. The general weighed it; and it was not weight: it wanted three half-pence: general Washington carefully lapped up the three half-pence in a piece of paper, and directed it to general Stone, which he received from the ferryman, on his return. General Stone told me another of his regularities; that, during the time he was engaged in the army in the American war, and from home, he had a plasterer from Baltimore, to plaster a room for him; and the room was measured, and the plasterer's demand paid by the steward. When the general returned home, he measured the room, and found the work to come to less by fifteen shillings than the man had received. Some time after, the plasterer died; and the widow married another man, who advertised in the newspapers to receive all and pay all due to or by her former husband. The general, seeing the paper, made a demand of the fifteen shillings, and received them. Another time, a man came to Mount Vernon to pay rent; and he had not the exact balance due to the general: when the money was counted, the general said, "There wants four pence." The man offered him a dollar, and desired him

to put it to the next year's account. No, he must get the change, and leave the money on the table until he had got it. The man rode to Alexandria, which is nine miles from Mount Vernon; and then the general settled the account. It was always his custom, when he travelled, to pay as much for his servant's breakfast, dinner, or supper, as for his own. I was told this by the keeper of a tavern, where the general breakfasted; and he made the bill three shillings and nine pence for the master's breakfast, and three shillings the servant's. The general sent for the tavern-keeper into the room, and desired he would make the same charge for his servants as for himself, for he doubted not that they had eaten as much. This shows he was as correct in paying as in receiving. It is said that he never had any thing bought for his use that was by weight, but he weighed it, or any thing by tale, but he had it counted: and if he did not find the due weight or number, he sent the articles back again to be regulated. There is a striking instance related of his condescendency: he sent to a shoemaker in Alexandria to come to measure him for a pair of shoes; the shoemaker answered by the servant, that it was not his custom to go to any one's house to take measure for shoes. The general being told that, mounted his horse, and went to the shoemaker to be measured.

"It may be worthy the reader's notice, to observe what regularity does; since there cannot be any other particular reason given for general Washington's superior powers, than his correctness, that made him able to govern that wild country: for it was the opinion of many of his most intimate friends that his intellects were not brighter than those of many other men. To me he appeared a mild friendly man; in company rather reserved; in private speaking with candour. His behaviour to me was such, that I shall ever revere his name. Before he died, general Washington

VOL. V. NO. XXX.

himself, with his own hands, closed his eyes and mouth.

"General Washington lived a great man, and died the same. He rode into his plantation in the fore part of the day, came home, and died about eleven o'clock at night, of a putrid sore throat, an inflammatory complaint frequent in America. I conceive it to be occasioned by a poisonous insect received in with the breath. I am of opinion that the general never knowingly did any thing wrong, but did to all men as he would they should do to him. Therefore, it is not to be supposed that he would injure the negro. Cowards only act cruelly to those beneath them. There was an instance of his giving encouragement to duelling, which much surprised military men: two officers had fought a duel; and, according to the laws and regulations of the army, one of them was broke: but in four days afterwards, the general promoted him to a much higher rank. The officers I heard speak of it, said it was done with an intention of making the inferior officers obey their superiors. There is a remark frequently made, of the general's exposing his old white horse to sale, which he rode during the war; which shows that he treated every creature according to its nature; a horse as a horse, a negro as a negro."

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

## THE ADVERSARIA,

*Or Winter Evening Amusements.*

NO. XIV.

FEW of our readers have forgotten a fracas, which happened, some years since, between two English poets, in the shop of the respectable Mr. Wright, in Piccadilly. In this encounter, the cowardly attack of Peter Pindar, another name for all that is profane and infamous,



congress and his country in general. And he tells the whole story of the impositions which his host practised in his trade. The invective against Mr. Cooper is almost actionable. The cause of our author's rage at this gentleman is, that he praised the land in America. The following passage is truly singular, and forms the climax of this traveller's absurdities. "I am persuaded that there are thousands of Americans who, for want of education and attending divine worship, think that man a fool who pays any attention to those duties, believing that cunning is the most necessary qualification for mankind to possess. From their unfortunate independency being obtained by artifice, it strengthens their mind much in the practice: the reader may conceive this to be more likely, when it is known that their chief teachers are Tom Paine, doctor Priestley, and others of the same description. Mr. Jefferson, the president, is by many gentlemen in America believed to be an atheist; though, from my own knowledge in being in his company, I have no reason to say so. There are in his writings some allusions to it; and I saw a paragraph in the newspaper, of his having given Tom Paine a pressing invitation to return to America. If so, I should think the report to be true."

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### ANECDOTES OF WASHINGTON.

THE following relations are to be found in the American tour of Mr. Parkinson, lately published. Whether authentic or not, the reader must judge.

"I think," says this traveller, "a large number of negroes to require as severe discipline as a company of soldiers: and that may be one and the great cause why general Washington managed his negroes better than any other man, he being brought up to the army, and by nature in-

dustrious beyond any description, and in regularity the same. There are several anecdotes related of him, for being methodical. I was told by general Stone, that he was travelling with his family in his carriage across the country, and, arriving at a ferry belonging to general Washington, he offered the ferryman a moidore. The man said, "I cannot take it." The general asked, "Why, John?" He replied, "I am only a servant to general Washington; and I have no weights to weigh it with: and the general will weigh it; and if it should not be weight, he will not only make me the loser, but he will be angry with me." "Well, John, you must take it; and I will lose three pence in its value:" the ferryman did so; and he carried it to general Washington on the Saturday night following. The general weighed it; and it was not weight: it wanted three half-pence: general Washington carefully lapped up the three half-pence in a piece of paper, and directed it to general Stone, which he received from the ferryman, on his return. General Stone told me another of his regularities; that, during the time he was engaged in the army in the American war, and from home, he had a plasterer from Baltimore, to plaster a room for him; and the room was measured, and the plasterer's demand paid by the steward. When the general returned home, he measured the room, and found the work to come to less by fifteen shillings than the man had received. Some time after, the plasterer died; and the widow married another man, who advertised in the newspapers to receive all and pay all due to or by her former husband. The general, seeing the paper, made a demand of the fifteen shillings, and received them. Another time, a man came to Mount Vernon to pay rent; and he had not the exact balance due to the general: when the money was counted, the general said, "There wants four pence." The man offered him a dollar, and desired him

to put it to the next year's account. No, he must get the change, and leave the money on the table until he had got it. The man rode to Alexandria, which is nine miles from Mount Vernon; and then the general settled the account. It was always his custom, when he travelled, to pay as much for his servant's breakfast, dinner, or supper, as for his own. I was told this by the keeper of a tavern, where the general breakfasted; and he made the bill three shillings and nine pence for the master's breakfast, and three shillings the servant's. The general sent for the tavern-keeper into the room, and desired he would make the same charge for his servants as for himself, for he doubted not that they had eaten as much. This shows he was as correct in paying as in receiving. It is said that he never had any thing bought for his use that was by weight, but he weighed it, or any thing by tale, but he had it counted: and if he did not find the due weight or number, he sent the articles back again to be regulated. There is a striking instance related of his condescendency: he sent to a shoemaker in Alexandria to come to measure him for a pair of shoes; the shoemaker answered by the servant, that it was not his custom to go to any one's house to take measure for shoes. The general being told that, mounted his horse, and went to the shoemaker to be measured.

"It may be worthy the reader's notice, to observe what regularity does; since there cannot be any other particular reason given for general Washington's superior powers, than his correctness, that made him able to govern that wild country: for it was the opinion of many of his most intimate friends that his intellects were not brighter than those of many other men. To me he appeared a mild friendly man; in company rather reserved; in private speaking with candour. His behaviour to me was such, that I shall ever revere his name. Before he died, general Washington

VOL. V. NO. XXX.

himself, with his own hands, closed his eyes and mouth.

"General Washington lived a great man, and died the same. He rode into his plantation in the fore part of the day, came home, and died about eleven o'clock at night, of a putrid sore throat, an inflammatory complaint frequent in America. I conceive it to be occasioned by a poisonous insect received in with the breath. I am of opinion that the general never knowingly did any thing wrong, but did to all men as he would they should do to him. Therefore, it is not to be supposed that he would injure the negro. Cowards only act cruelly to those beneath them. There was an instance of his giving encouragement to duelling, which much surprised military men: two officers had fought a duel; and, according to the laws and regulations of the army, one of them was broke: but in four days afterwards, the general promoted him to a much higher rank. The officers I heard speak of it, said it was done with an intention of making the inferior officers obey their superiors. There is a remark frequently made, of the general's exposing his old white horse to sale, which he rode during the war; which shows that he treated every creature according to its nature; a horse as a horse, a negro as a negro."

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

## THE ADVERSARIA,

*Or Winter Evening Amusements.*

NO. XIV.

FEW of our readers have forgotten a fracas, which happened, some years since, between two English poets, in the shop of the respectable Mr. Wright, in Piccadilly. In this encounter, the cowardly attack of Peter Pindar, another name for all that is profane and infamous,



was met with a calm but determined courage, and the bard of king Log found little redress from the mob, when he was thrust into the streets. The generous sympathy of a London populace was tempered by the indignant spirit of British loyalty, and poor Peter sneaked to his garret, equally dissatisfied with the pen and the cane of his antagonist.

The affair occasioned a number of pamphlets, in which the provocations and mutual irritations of the parties were discussed with considerable warmth by their various partizans; for even Pindar has friends! others displayed their wit in ironical strictures. From these, the wit and learning of Mauritius Moonshine, F. R. S. Ox. Cant. Dubl. et Edin. Soc. A. B. C. & D. &c. secure an honourable distinction for his *BATTLE OF THE BARDS*. The preface is couched in a style of irony, finely adapted for the purpose of introducing a mock epic.

The following extract affords a fair criterion of the author's merit, and will be more generally relished than the immediate subject of the poem itself. The author speaks of a review.

Hast thou not heard the undisputed  
fame  
Of these great sheets that note an au-  
thor's name?  
That hunt lank poets in the eye of day,  
And, rav'nous, on their fleshless mem-  
bers feed?  
Not fiercer Afric or Hyrcania breed!  
Oh hast thou not in shaggy vesture  
blue,  
Beheld that MONTHLY MONSTER, a  
REVIEW!  
Wont every garret horrible to scour,  
Bloodier than bum, seeking to devour.  
A hungry tyger of this horrid crew,  
To the rank scent of carrion ever true,  
"Upturn'd into the air his nostril wide,"  
And from afar the drooping minstrel  
spied;  
Forth from his lair thundered critick law,  
Then clapp'd on PETER his tremen-  
dous paw.  
Whole pamphlets, in his ireful mood,  
he tore,  
Fresh-bleeding sonnets strew the let-  
ter'd floor;

Meek eclogues murmur, strangled in  
the birth;  
Lampoons inflammatory load the hearth;  
Sad elegies, their swan-like requiem  
breathe;  
Pert epigrams, still lively, smile in  
death,  
Soft am'rous odes their "balmy fra-  
grance" shed,  
And heap the desk with mountains of  
the dead.  
Hence stern debate, hence anger, fer-  
ret-ey'd,  
Wolvish dissention hence, and leopard  
pride;  
Hence bull-dog-battle, monkey-malice  
hence,  
The mule's deep sullens, and the ass's  
sense;  
On ev'ry side wild blaz'd the wrathful  
soul,  
And either ink-stand bled at every  
hole!

Perhaps there is nothing in which people err so egregiously, as in the manner of carrying on conversation. In those who value themselves on superior talents and information, there is often an eagerness to be attended to, that defeats their purpose of being either instructive or agreeable. To bear an equal part in conversation, without hurting the self-love of others, to allow that reciprocity of discourse that gives to every one an opportunity of being heard, and which is the great charm of society, is the effect of that *something* we have agreed to call *good-breeding*. And to be really well-bred requires good sense, which enables us to enter into the characters and sentiments of others. Thus, there are people naturally well-bred, and there are others who are so rude and ill-mannered, notwithstanding they have been accustomed to the best company, that it is a penance to be in their company.

A celebrated essayist says, "that were the door opened to self-praise, and were Montaigne's maxim to be observed, that one should say as frankly as one thinks, I have sense,

I have learning, courage, beauty, or wit; such a flood of impertinence would break in upon us as would be wholly intolerable." If we indulge violent indignation against all the people we meet, whose self-consequence is offensive, we may spoil our own tempers; but the world will go on just as it did before.

The dazzling rays of beauty may affect us like a charm; but if they have nothing to support them, their effects, like those of a fairy tale, will soon vanish. And when this delusive fascination slips from before our eyes, we shall find that we have been caught by a thing as light as air, without one single quality to fill the capacities of a sensible and liberal mind: for as beauty decays, the image it impressed wears out. True love is always disinterested, always constant. Those whose fortunes are nearly equal have the best chance for happiness. But, unfortunately, in this age, few pursue it in matrimonial connections; and Plutus conducts more to Hymen's temple than Cupid.

The positive wants of nature are few and fixed; those of imagination fleeting and innumerable. The wretch who is really hungry, and in need of food to appease that corroding sensation, will not be very scrupulous about the cleanliness of the cook. Cold cannot be diverted by the fineness of Dresden lace, nor the idea of its reputation; pride may. The implacability of pain cannot be mitigated by the most soothing sounds of melody. There is scarcely a wretch existing who has not the means of permanent happiness within his power. Imagination is the painter; 'tis she who gives those light and gloomy shades, which pollute the canvas with deformity, or captivate the eye by their enchanting brilliancy. We cannot desire stronger proofs of the truth of this assertion, were it

possible for even ignorance itself to doubt, than those observations which every hour may furnish. We hear the labourer singing on the scaffold, surrounded by dangers, sweating with fatigue, or tottering beneath a burthen, with which he mounts a frightful precipice, step by step. His countenance wears the smiles of content, his mind is unembarrassed, he glories in the number of bricks he can lay, and laughs at the delicate limbs and frippery of an affected being that walks beneath him, who calls himself a gentleman. He has not leisure to wish, and he therefore feels no want. His necessities are greatest in the hour of idleness, but vanish when hunger drives him again to labour. He hears beneath him the rattling of coaches, without emotion; seldom or ever reflecting on the ease and security of those within. "It is the hand of little employment, that hath the daintier sense."

Riches are almost universally sought after; they are thought to be the fountain from which the streams of pleasure issue: were men wise, they would be convinced of the impossibility of purchasing felicity with a paltry ore. It is in vain, they say, we sigh for power, and riches only obtain it; we languish for precedence, and men bow but to the wealthy. Philosophy, moral as well as physical, must take experience for her guide. Sallow looks, restless minds, and unhealthy bodies, are not the symptoms of content; she hangs no such signs at the outside of the house where she dwells; she tortures not the fancy with ideal dreams of real wants; she casts not her eyes upon the earth and says, "I hope I am happy," but she lifts them up to Heaven, and gratitude beams a new lustre, whilst she exclaims "I am."

SIR JOHN DENHAM is a favourite with me, not only because he was a good poet, but because he was a loyal subject and a good sol-



dier. He was born of noble family, in the reign of James I, and during all the persecution which Charles I experienced, from the turbulence of infatuated ignorance, deluded by the patriots of that day, he followed the fortunes of his master with zeal unabated, and courage undaunted. At the restoration, the discernment and gratitude of a liberal sovereign honoured and rewarded his constancy.

But of the claims of sir John Denham to the regard of posterity, that of having improved our versification is the most popular. Though his title to this honour be undisputed, he enjoys it in common with Waller, and, in some measure, with Fairfax: and Drummond, almost before Denham's birth, had written in numbers that are scarcely inferior to the most harmonious lines of Pope. But Denham's fame rests not here: in the short preface to his second book of Virgil, he gave the best rules for translation that had then appeared, or will, perhaps, ever appear. His Cooper's Hill is universally admired.

The species was new, and here he stands an original. His Apostrophe to the Thames has never received too high an encomium; and it is not, perhaps, even at this day, any where equalled.

These celebrated verses, however, were not in the first printed edition of the poem; though the general sentiment is there.

O could I flow like thee, and make thy  
stream  
My great example, as it is my theme!  
Though deep yet clear; though gentle  
yet not dull;  
Strong without rage, without o'erflow-  
ing full.  
Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall  
boast;  
Her fame in thine, like lesser currents,  
lost;  
Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's  
abodes,  
To shine among the stars, and bathe  
the Gods.

The original edition was thus:

O, could my verse freely and smoothly  
flow  
As thy pure flood, heav'n should no  
longer know  
Her old Eridanus; thy purer stream  
Should bathe the Gods, and be the po-  
et's theme!

Among his other poems, the "Verses on Cowley," "on Lord Strafford," and "on Fletcher," exhibit instances of the same force of sense and harmony united. He has translated from Homer, Virgil, Martial, and Marcin; but his verses are without the spirit of his own rules, or the practice of his own examples in his original pieces. His "Imitation of D'Avenaut" and "Poem on Brother Green" evince ability, in different modes of composition: and though his tragedy, "The Sophy," can be praised neither for much dramatic nor poetical excellence, it still affords some proof of the versatility of his genius. Considering, therefore, the history of his life; how general and lasting a distraction gaming, by which vice he lost all his estate in his youth, leaves on the mind; how much and how early he was employed in the public affairs; how deeply he must have partaken of the distresses of the times; and the little encouragement given to poetry by his master, Charles I; his genius must have operated very strongly against his habits, in the production of pieces so serious, and some of such distinguished excellence. Whoever so far surpasses his cotemporaries, as to furnish precepts for his followers, and good models for their imitation, is entitled to the admiration and gratitude of posterity as an inventor; and his praise is reflected in every future work produced or influenced by his rules or example.

In 1668, the year in which he died, sir John Denham collected and published his poems, with a dedication to the king, well worth perusal. A very good idea of the different tastes of the first and second

Charles, with respect to poetry, may be derived from this dedication.

I. E. H.

*Baltimore.*

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

INSTITUTIONS FOR EXTINGUISH-  
ING FIRES.

PHILADELPHIA has long since been justly praised for the number of her useful and humane institutions, amongst the long list of which there are none more deservedly worthy of imitation in our sister cities, than those which are calculated to rescue property from destruction by fire; involving in its consequences the little *all* of the industrious citizen, entailing on families, neighbourhoods, and sometimes even considerable towns, entire ruin. Since the introduction of Schuylkill water into this city, by means of steam engines, there have been no less than seven hose companies established, whose beneficial effect in affording an immediate and regular supply of water from the hydrants has already greatly diminished the apprehension of danger from fire, and which, it may be confidently asserted, have been the powerful agents whereby property to an immense amount was saved from devastation. It is also a source of peculiar gratification to remark, that these associations are conducted by our enterprising youth, to whom we are indebted for their establishment\*.

The hose are made of leather, from 1½ to 2 inches in diameter, divided into sections of 20 and 50 feet, connected or disjointed at pleasure by screws. Each company possess from five to eight hundred feet. It is conveyed in a low carriage, to which is attached a variety of appa-

\* Particularly so to Roberts Vaux and Reuben Haines, two young gentlemen of our city, whose names deserve to be recorded as the original designers of these institutions.

ratus, necessary for bringing them into service with ease and activity.

These remarks are communicated with a view to distribute information, which I deem to be of considerable importance to our rapidly increasing cities and towns, and trust the valuable improvement hinted at will not escape the notice of those who are concerned to forward the general good.

P. G.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

THE COW-POX.

AFTER Galileo had invented the telescope, and had actually communicated to the world the discoveries he had made with that instrument, certain persons, envious of his honours, undertook to demonstrate, and they actually called mathematics to their aid, that such an instrument as the telescope was an impossible thing, and consequently that all that Galileo had told them about Jupiter's moons, the phases of Venus, and the spots in the sun, were absolute falsehoods! One of these opponents of Galileo actually made an *incomplete* telescope, and thus endeavoured to prove to the eye-sight of those who listened to him, that Jupiter's moons were not to be seen by any such instrument! Nothing can be more analogous to the state of the question relative to vaccination. Myriads of subjects in all the quarters of the world have been inoculated with vaccine matter for several years past, and this experience has left one concurring opinion of its uniform mildness and inoffensiveness, and of its efficacy as a preservative against the small-pox. Indeed, there appears little doubt that, inasmuch as *this disease is not contagious*, the small-pox must in a few years be completely eradicated. A more important discovery certainly was never communicated to the human race.

It must be obvious, from the deli-



cate circumstances and numerous qualifications which attend the process of inoculation generally, and of a new species in particular, that the opponents of the cow-pox need take no great credit for ingenuity, in availing themselves of some unfavourable results in the infancy of the practice, which at the same time are wholly unconnected with the salutariness or efficacy of the disease. That a human subject should have a particular disorder but once is a point yet unexplained by the philosophy of medicine. The susceptibility to such diseases at one time rather than at another is also in a great measure unintelligible. These are parts of the *arcana* of nature, the knowledge of which would certainly be useful and desirable; but the practice of medicine may notwithstanding proceed to a certain degree without our understanding all the relations of cause and effect. Thus, as matter of fact it was fortunately ascertained that we might choose *our time* for communicating the infection of small-pox, and consequently abate the virulence of that disease. This was a great discovery; but Dr. Jenner has carried it further. He has found out a substitute which is *uniformly* mild, which equally prevents the recurrence, and which at the same time *is not contagious*. The difficulty attending all inoculation is the same. Our imperfect knowledge of nature does not enable us to chuse the exact moment of susceptibility; consequently many persons who have been inoculated for the small-pox, have imperfectly taken the disease, and have afterwards been the victims of a natural attack. Just so, many subjects may have been inoculated for the cow-pox, who may not have been in the requisite state of susceptibility, and may consequently not have acquired protection. We must abandon inoculation altogether, and return to the miseries of the natural small-pox, or we must receive it with the slight disadvantage, that in one case out of many thousands we may be uncertain

whether it operates as a sure preventive. This uncertainty, however, has no particular connection with vaccine inoculation. It opposes itself equally to variolous inoculation; and the same uncertain protection operates with equal force against the one as the other. Yet the cow-pox inoculation is *always* mild; so mild as not to be felt or perceived in the constitution, and the small-pox inoculation is *often* violent, and *not unfrequently* fatal! No person can hesitate to decide which to prefer. But there is another consideration of weight to him who knows his duty to society: that by inoculating for the small-pox he engenders and spreads a contagious disorder, while, on the contrary, the cow-pox is incommunicable except by means of artificial inoculation.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

SUBSTITUTE FOR BRIDGES.

AN act of parliament was obtained, during the last session, for powers to make, *underneath the Thames*, a communication, by means of a tunnel or archway, for foot passengers, and a larger one for carriages. The scite chosen for the opening of the foot-passage is a little to the west of the London Docks, on the north side, and in a line opposite at Rotherhithe. The carriage-road is intended to be opened at or near the ancient horse-ferry at Limehouse and Rotherhithe. The recent establishment of the London Docks, West India Docks, East India Docks, and the Commercial Road, on the north side of the river, and of the Rotherhithe Dock, the Grand Surrey Canal, and the Dartford road, leading through Rotherhithe to London, on the south side, require a greater facility in passing from shore to shore than can be produced by a ferry. To the foregoing noble and stupendous works the intended passages will be no less useful and important for the con-

veniences which they will produce, than for the singularity of the undertaking. Measures are taken for immediately entering upon the execution of the plan, under the direction of engineers of the highest reputation, who entertain no doubt whatever of accomplishing it.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY AND  
PHILOSOPHICAL.

THE following publications are mentioned in the latest accounts from England.

Dr. Beddoes is preparing for the press an Almanack of Health.

Mr. Bonnycastle, well known for several useful mathematical works, has published a Treatise on Trigonometry.

There is expected a new translation of Juvenal, from Mr. Hodson, of King's College, Cambridge.

Travels through Germany and Italy, by Mr. Lemaistre, has just been published in London.

A fourth volume of the *Munimenta Antiqua*, by Mr. King, is almost ready for publication.

A posthumous work of the late Mr. Strutt, with his life prefixed, is in the press.

Mr. Kidd proposes to publish a new edition of Homer, with collations of many manuscripts never before examined.

A work of recent Travels through Great Britain and Ireland, by M. Goede, has lately appeared in Germany, and has excited great attention. It is said to abound in the most enlightened views, and to contain the most accurate information relative to these kingdoms, and to be written in a style which cannot fail to merit an English translation. The last foreign work on the state of England was by Archenholz.

Mr. John Anstey is preparing to publish a complete edition of the works of his deceased father, with memoirs of his life.

The Rev. C. Wywill will shortly lay before the public a sixth volume of political papers, comprizing the correspondence of several distinguished persons on the subject of parliamentary reform.

A Greek-English Derivative Dictionary is preparing for the press, shewing in English characters the Greek originals of such words in the English language as are derived from the Greek, and comprizing correct explanations, from the approved lexicographers, of the meaning of each word.

The Rev. Job Orton's Letters, which have been some time in the press, will be published in a few days. The collection, being larger than was expected, will, with his life, make two volumes.

Brigade Major Reide has just completed a new edition of his Treatise on the Duty of Infantry Officers, and an Elucidation of the present System of Military Discipline. The same gentleman has lately published the ninth edition of the Treatise on Military Finance, in which is detailed many official documents relative to the pay and allowances of the British army.

The second volume of the interesting Memoirs of Maria Antoinette, queen of France, by her foster-brother, M. Weber, will make its appearance speedily. It will contain the history of the three grand periods of the revolution, including an affecting recital of the sufferings of that unfortunate woman. The volume will be enriched with some very superior copperplates.

A practical Treatise on the Game at Billiards has been recently composed by a distinguished amateur, and will speedily be given to the world.

An Introduction to the Game of Chess will soon be published, containing upwards of a hundred examples of games, including the whole of Philidor's Analysis, with copious selections from Stamma, the Calabrois, &c. &c. The instructions for learners, and the arrangement of the work, will be en-



tirely new, and will render a complete knowledge of that scientific and fashionable game perfectly easy of attainment.

Mr. Gladwin, of Bengal, the celebrated author of the Persian Moon-shee, and other valuable works on eastern literature, has at length, after a laborious study of many years, and with the assistance of the most learned native orientalists, completed his great Persian dictionary, which, besides a multiplicity of words not to be found in Richardson or Meninski, contains above thirty thousand words with examples, taken from the best poets and philological writers, the Jehangiri, Borhan Kata, and other dictionaries.

Mr. Gladwin has also prepared for the press Illustrations of the Bostan, Beharistan, Ayâr-damesh, and the Letters of Abul'suzl, adapted to the use of the students of Fort William College; and he has begun to print the Gulistan of Sadi, in the original Persian, with a literal translation, and a complete analysis of every word, Arabic and Persian, which occurs in that celebrated work. This will form a large quarto volume, and is printed at the Hindoostanee press in Calcutta.

The third and fourth volumes of the works of the late king of Sweden have just appeared at Stockholm. This collection, published by his son, will be the most durable monument that can be erected to his memory.

At Teflis, a public academy has been lately opened under the direction of Alexei Petrief, who is conversant in the Russian language, and who has made considerable progress in the fine arts. Every means are employed by the Russian government to render the Georgians acquainted with the language, and familiar with the manners of the Russians. A number of Russian books have already been translated into the Georgian language; and, in return, the romances of Sergei Finogwell, and the works of other

Georgians, have been translated into Russian.

The new calendar of France is abolished by a decree of the senate, and the Georgian calendar restored, according to which all dates will be expressed after the first of January, 1806.

Ventenat, charged by madame Bonaparte with making known to the public all the new species of the garden of Malmaison, has consecrated to her the Josephina, originally from New Holland, and near akin to the *digitalia*, and the *pedalia*.

Beauvois, another French botanist, has dedicated to Napoleon, a tree of the country of Oware, in Africa, distinguished by its splendour, and the size and singularity of its flower.

Peron has communicated to the National Institute two observations in regard to the natural history of man. The first relates to the apron of the Hottentot women; denied by some, and differently described by others. Peron proves that it is an excrescence, which forms one of the characters of a particular race, known under the name of the Boschiesmen. The other relates to the strength of savages. A number of experiments, made by Regnier's dynamometer, has shown that they are weaker, *ceteris paribus*, than people of civilized nations.

A society in France has proposed as a prize poem, a question on the influence of women on public opinion, and on the means of directing that influence to general utility.

A new aquatic insect has been lately discovered, whose principal food is tadpoles.

A thick rampart has been discovered in the territory called the Margraviate of Anspach, which extends from the foot of the highest hills in the country to the Rhine; and is supposed to have been erected by the Romans, to stop or prevent the incursions of the Germans.

Rose has discovered a new vegetable substance in the root of ele-

campane, a concentrated decoction of which, after standing some hours, deposits a white powder, appearing, at first sight, like starch, but differing from it in its principles. This substance is insoluble in cold water, but dissolves in boiling water. On mixing the solution of the white powder with an equal quantity of alcohol, the mixture is at first clear, but in a little time the powder separates in the form of a tumid white sediment, leaving the fluid above it transparent. When thrown on burning coals, the white powder melts like sugar and evaporates, diffusing a white, thick, pungent smoke, with a smell of burnt sugar. By dry distillation a brown empyreumatic acid is obtained from this powder. The nitric acid transforms the powder into malic and oxalic acid, and when used in great excess into acetic acid. From these phenomena it is inferred that this farinaceous powder, extracted from elecampane root, is neither starch nor gum, but a peculiar vegetable substance holding a middle rank between the two. It may exist in many other vegetables, and perhaps several products hitherto considered as starch are of the same nature as this farina.

Lalande's medal for the best astronomical work, has been adjudged by the National Institute to M. Harding, for his discovery of the last new planet. That able astronomer has been appointed to the direction of the observatory at Göttingen.

Maslousky, a Polish clock-maker, has exhibited at Berlin a new musical instrument, called a koelison. It consists of a sound board, on which the usual system of wires of the piano are fixed. Between these wires are small wooden cylinders, which, being put into motion, communicate their vibrations to the wires. The tones are said to be so soft and enchanting that the harmonica does not equal them; the forte and piano are given in every imaginable gradation, and the whole effect is surprising.

VOL. V. NO. XXX.

Count Moussin Pouschkin has dissolved both the red lead spar and chromate of silver in nitric acid, by adding a little sugar the moment the acid is poured on, and promoting the action by gentle heat. The spar then requires only five or six parts of acid, the chromate of silver still less. Nitrous acid gas is evolved, and the solution of the former is of an amethyst colour, of the latter a garnet red, without the least trace of green either by reflection or refraction.

Dr. Valli having left a pound of soup, in which were twelve or fifteen grains of red precipitate, exposed to the open air for four months, found it exhibited no sign of putrefaction. He repeated the experiment for a month in the height of summer, with the same effect.

Van Mons has found broth keep for many years by means of a few grains of mercury in the state of oxide and citrate. Nitrate of silver has long been considered as the most powerful of antiseptics, and those of gold and mercury are equally so. Oxigenated muriate of potash retarded the putrefaction of strong soup several days, and ultimately put a stop to it at a certain point. Very dilute nitric acid, and oxigenated muriatic acid preserved soup for several months.

The Military Society of Berlin has printed the fourth volume of its memoirs. The number of copies taken off does not exceed that of the members of the society, which is composed of two hundred officers of all ranks, and is under the immediate patronage of the king.

The celebrated Voss, translator of Homer and Virgil into German, a poet equally distinguished for his lyrical and pastoral composition, is about to leave Jena for Heidelberg, where he will receive a pension of 1000 florins from the elector of Baden, in return for which he is only expected to give advice. He likewise retains the pension he before received from the duke of Oldenburg.

Some workmen lately employed



in digging a cellar 15 feet deep near the gates of Stuttgard, discovered some bones and teeth of the elephant. The largest is six feet in length. About a century ago, a discovery was made at Konnstadt, about three miles from Stuttgard, of the skeletons of fourteen elephants, which appeared to be of different species from that which at present exists. Near these elephants' bones were likewise found some belonging to the rhinoceros. It is hoped that the researches for which orders have been given by the elector may be productive of farther discoveries.

Horstig, author of *Travels in the Hartz*, which he has embellished with engravings of scenery from drawings by himself, has been presented by the duke of Brunswick with a service of porcelain, on which the prince has caused the same landscapes to be painted. A French translation of Horstig's *Travels* has been announced.

Dr. Faust, in conjunction with Dr. Hunold, of Cassel, will speedily publish a work, in which they will demonstrate, that, excepting the lancet employed in vaccination, all the instruments of surgery ought to be dipped into oil at the moment when they are going to be used; by which method the pain of the subject operated upon will always be diminished. In the same work it is recommended to make all instruments of a blood-heat a little before the operation. These two precautions have already been practised in certain cases, and with certain instruments.

A dictionary of the language of Angola or Bunda, with an explanation of all the words in Portuguese, has been published at Lisbon. No dictionary of that language previously existed. It was printed for the benefit of the Portuguese, who have commercial relations with the settlements possessed by that country on the coast of Angola.

The Celtic academy at Paris, at one of its late meetings, submitted to the test an ingenious contrivance of

one of its members, which communicates the faculty of corresponding and conversing with persons of whose language you are entirely ignorant, without any preliminary study, without expence, without embarrassment, or the least mental exertions. It was tried by twenty-five academicians on the European languages, and this trial demonstrated, that, by means of this discovery, a person may travel wherever he pleases without an interpreter, that he may ask for every thing he wants, converse on every kind of subject interesting to a traveller, and even express metaphysical ideas. This process is intended to be made public.

The academy of fine arts at Dusseldorf is about to be regulated on a better and more extensive plan. The number of its professors is to be augmented. M. Schaffer, a young architect, already known by several works relating to his art, and a plan he has recently published for a monument of Luther, is appointed professor of architecture.

A most extraordinary hypothesis has been made by M. Witte, a German writer, relative to the origin of the pyramids of Egypt, and the ruins of Palmyra. The pyramids, according to this gentleman, are nothing but the effects of certain volcanic eruptions, and the relics of certain revolutions of our globe, with which we are unacquainted. This he pretends to prove by a twofold analogy, namely by the relations which certain monuments at Persepolis, Palmyra, &c. have to each other, and their resemblance to volcanic productions, as well in general as individually. He quotes Desmarest and Faujas de Saint Fond; he endeavours to support his assertions by the column of basaltes of Roche-maure, the red rock of Landriar, in the Velay, the wall of basaltes of Mount Janjeac, in the Vivarais, &c. With regard to the exterior construction and interior form of the pyramids, he enters into the most minute details, and reconciles them all to his hypothesis. He makes

every thing, not excepting even the labyrinth, the catacombs, the inscriptions; the entire ruins of Palmyra and Balbec are the results of volcanic explosions, or some revolution of the globe; and the lake Moeris is nothing but the mouth by which the volcanoes formerly belched forth fire and flames. In a second work, published by M. Witte, in defence of his hypothesis, he proves that, with great learning and a spirit of research, it is possible to defend a great absurdity with much ingenuity. He goes so far as to maintain, that if the pyramids are not of basaltes, and if it were possible to prove that they are not a volcanic production, still his hypothesis would not be overturned; that, to destroy it, it would be necessary to demonstrate that these pyramids are not actually a production of nature. He adds, it must not be forgotten that he has judged in this instance only by analogy; that is, by the resemblance of the same causes

to the same effects, without confining himself to geological or mineralogical proofs.

The catalogue of the Leipzig Easter fair considerably exceeds that of last year. Easter, it is true, took place a fortnight later than in 1804, and during that period the presses were not undoubtedly idle, so that the number of works that would be announced as ready for delivery was expected to surpass that of the preceding year; but probably no person would have suspected that this difference could amount to 1092. This observation relates only to works in German and in Latin printed in Germany. The total number of works in those languages, comprized in this catalogue, is 3787, that of works in foreign languages 313, making a total of 4100. The number of booksellers who furnished articles for this fair amounts to 380, of whom there are very few who have not published at least one or two new works.

---

## POETRY.

### *For the Literary Magazine.*

#### THE MURDER OF THE RED CUMING.

Robert Bruce having, in the year 1304, a dispute with John, surnamed, from the colour of his hair, the Red Cuming, a powerful chieftain, and formerly regent of Scotland, stabbed him in the dominican church of Dumfries; but, full of confusion and remorse, the future monarch rushed out of the church with the bloody poinard in his hand. Kirkpatrick and Lindsay, two barons of his party, were waiting at the gate. "I doubt (said Bruce) I have slain the Red Cuming." "Doubtest thou? (exclaimed Kirkpatrick): I mak sicker." Accordingly with Lindsay and a few followers he rushed into the church, and dispatched the wounded Cuming. The priests, offended at a sanetuary's being vio-

lated, reported, that as they were watching the dead body at midnight, they all were overtaken by a deep sleep, except one aged father, who heard a voice exclaim, "How long, O Lord! shall vengeance be deferred?" It was answered, "Endure with patience till this day shall return for the fifty-second time." In 1357, James of Lindsay was hospitably feasted in the castle of Caerlaveroc in Dumfrieshire, belonging to Roger Kirkpatrick. They were the sons of the murderers of the regent. In the dead of the night, for some unknown cause, Lindsay arose and poinarded in his bed his unsuspecting host. He then mounted his horse to fly, but guilt and fear had so bewildered his senses, that after riding till day-break he was taken not three miles from the castle, and executed by order of king David II.



THE haly abbot of Dumfries  
Was stricken with affright;  
Returning thro' the kirkyard trees,  
He herde the bird o' night.

He drapt a bead, he cros'd himsel,  
"Gramercie Christ me save."  
Anon he heard a tolling bell,  
And thought him and the grave.

He left his palfrey in the stall;  
The cloisters all were mirk,  
Nae monk found he in cell or hall,  
He hasted to the kirk.

The kirk was deck'd in black attire,  
The saints in black array'd,  
And in the middle o' the quire  
A bloody corpse was laid,  
And round it mony a monk and frier  
In silence watch'd and pray'd.

And when they saw their abbot come,  
And bless them wi' the sign,  
With luiks they spake, their lips were  
dumb,  
They pointed to the shrine.

And nearer as he came, he found  
The altar stain'd in blood,  
And on the steps and all around  
There stream'd a crimson flood.

His silver locks wild horror rais'd,  
And wae! he cried, wae! wae!  
'The mae he cried, the mae he gaz'd,  
The wounds they bled the mae.

"Say wha is murder'd here? (he cried)  
And by whase arms he fell?  
He seems a chief o' mickle pride;  
Methinks I ken him well."

"Red Cuming lies upon that bier  
(A monk arose and said),  
And giff he war a traitor here,  
He is a saint now dead.

"For being slain in holy ground  
By ruthless dirks and keen,  
The blood that trickles frae his wound  
Will wash his conscience clean.

"Cuming, the friend of England's  
name,  
And Bruce, the Scotsman bold,  
This morning unattended came  
A parley here to hold.

"Red Cuming had for Edward spoke,  
And spoke of English gold:  
Quoth Bruce, 'Thou hast thy honour  
broke,  
And our dear country sold.'

'You lie,' quoth Cuming; Bruce replied  
Nae word, but drew his dirk,  
And plung'd it in the regent's side,  
In spite o' mither kirk.

"But Bruce was struck wi' haly fear,  
And fled without the kirk,  
The barons saw the chief appear,  
'Grasping the bloody dirk.

"His bushy hair like bristles stood  
His luiks war all astound,  
And frae his dirk the draps o' blood  
Ran trickling to the ground.

'What now? what now?' (Kirkpatrick  
cried,  
Wi' frown o' fierce disdain);  
'I doubt (said Bruce, he said and  
sigh'd)  
I have Red Cuming slain.'

'What doubttest thou (with knotty  
brow  
Return'd Caerlaveroc's knight);  
'I sicker mak,' Kirkpatrick spake,  
And vanish'd out o' sight.

"And he and Lindsay, like blood-  
hounds,  
Pursu'd the track o' gore,  
And, while we strove to bind his  
wounds,  
Pierc'd Cuming o'er and o'er.

"Red Cuming's ghaist has ta'en its  
flight  
E'en frae the altar's side:  
Ah wae to Lindsay's impious spite!  
Wae to Kirkpatrick's pride!

"For Bruce to rue the deed begins,  
And tears are in his e'en;  
He vows he'll wash away his sins  
Wi' blood in Palestine.

"And when he dies his squire sall  
lock\*  
His harte in gouden case,

\* The Lockharts derived their name  
from their ancestors being charged to  
transport to Jerusalem the heart of  
king Robert Bruce, locked in a golden  
ease.

And sail inter it in the rock  
At Joseph's burying-place.

"Yet still I herde Kirkpatrick swear,  
In spite o' state and kirk,  
That he above his helme would bear  
As crest the bloody dirk.

"And that, in spite o' hell, he'd write  
As his devise belae,  
The words he spake, 'I sicker make\*':  
Wae to Kirkpatrick! wae!"

The monk had spoke, and ta'n his  
place:

"Ah wae! (the abbot cried)  
Wae to Kirkpatrick's haughty race!  
And wae to Lindsay's pride

The monks prepar'd the funeral rite,  
The corpse in shroud was dress'd,  
The monks were watching at midnight,  
When sleep their e'en oppress'd.

But tir'd with watching while they  
slept,  
The abbot wak'd alane,  
And o'er the corpse his vigils kept,  
When strait he herde a mane.

Him thought it was an infant's cry,  
The wailing voice he herde;  
"How lang, O Lord! (it seem'd to  
sigh)  
Shall vengeance be deferr'd?"

To this from high a loud reply  
Was thunder'd thro' the air:  
"Whan yeres are gane fifty and ane,  
The following yere beware."

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

SONG.

*Air, Ye Gentlemen of England.*

YE sons of blest Columbia,  
Whose fathers dared the waves,  
The battle, and the wilderness,  
To shun the fate of slaves!

\* Hence the crest of Kirkpatrick is a  
hand grasping a dagger distilling gout  
of blood. Motto, "I mak sicker."

The rights they fought for now  
maintain,  
Where'er those waves do flow,  
And sweep o'er the deep  
In despite of ev'ry foe:  
While mountain waves roll wild and  
loud,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

With daring sons Columbia blest,  
Will know her rights to prize;  
Her seat is on a continent,  
Her head among the skies!  
Where'er old Ocean rolls his wave  
Her ships triumphant go,  
And sweep, &c.

Columbia tow'rs above controul  
By Heaven's supreme command,  
Between two mighty oceans placed,  
To rule both sea and land.  
Her sons the fruits of every clime  
Cause ceaselessly to flow,  
As they sweep, &c.

To every nation equal rights,  
Where'er the sun does roll;  
To every people "bread and peace,"  
"From Indus to the pole."  
To every port, with blessings  
fraught,  
Columbia's flag shall go,  
And sweep, &c.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

LINES.

*By a Young American Lady, deceased a  
few years since.*

WHEN through the clouds of deep  
distress  
A sun-beam darts its ray,  
How does my soul expand to bless  
The radiance of the day!

Hope, long dismiss'd, extends her wing,  
And flutters o'er my breast,  
Bursts through the clouds of gathering  
ill,  
And points my views to rest.

Yet, shall that heart, once dead to joy,  
Engage in fruitless cares?  
In vain pursuits that life employ,  
Whose morning rose in tears?



Ah! what avails if misery now  
 My transient prospects fade,  
 If rose-buds wither on my brow,  
 And life's a constant shade?

Soon, soon will every hope and fear  
 Be dead within my breast;  
 The friendly glow, the anxious care  
 Alike be lull'd to rest.

Then welcome every threaten'd woe,  
 Which this frail form can dread!  
 Still may the tear of anguish flow,  
 And thorns corrode my head!

Still let my heart responsive beat  
 To Sorrow's plaintive strain,  
 Possess the hapless art from sweet  
 To cull the latent pain!

Nor comfortless the tear shall flow,  
 Nor fruitless visions rise;  
 Religion sheds a healing balm,  
 And wafts them to the skies.

---

*For the Literary Magazine.*

TO A NEW-BORN CHILD.

ON parent knees, a naked, new-born  
 child,  
 Weeping thou sat'st, while all around  
 thee smil'd:  
 So live, that, sinking in thy last long  
 sleep,  
 Calm thou may'st smile, while all around  
 thee weep.

---

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Editor has received several valuable communications, both in prose and verse, many of which he is obliged to postpone to a future number.

The extract from the American Letters, as well as the conclusion of the Criticism on that work, which he designed for this month, he has been under the necessity of omitting.

He has perused, with pleasure, an effusion of juvenile zeal in the cause of literature, of which he purposes to take more ample notice in his next number.